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Right Reverend Thomas E. Molloy, D.D.
Bishop of Brooklyn



footprints

1937

Published by the Senior Class
ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Brooklyn New York

Anon to sudden silence won,
In fancy they pursue
The dream-child moving through a land
Of wonders wild and new,
In friendly chat with bird or beast—
And half believe it true.

And ever as the story drained
The wells of fancy dry,
And faintly strove that weary one
To put the subject by,
"The rest next time—" "It is next time!"
The happy voices cry.

Thus grew the tale of Wonderland:
Thus slowly, one by one,
Its quaint events were hammered out—
And now the tale is done,
And home we steer, a merry crew,
Beneath the setting sun.

Alice! A childish story take,
And with a gentle hand,
Lay it where Childhood's dreams are twined
In Memory's mystic band,
Like pilgrim's wither'd wreath of flowers
Pluck'd in a far-off land.

—*"Alice in Wonderland."*

Dedication

Among the manifold duties of a busy life, Monsignor David Hickey found time to serve as Vice-President of St. Joseph's College. In this capacity he proved himself a loyal and interested friend at all times. To him, therefore, the Class of 1937 respectfully dedicates this book, hoping that the work he did will not soon be forgotten.

Contents

The book is divided up into several sections. There are views of the college. The Faculty has its part. Each graduate has her place in a section which also includes literature contributed by members of the Senior Class. Undergraduates are grouped according to class with representative pictures, reports and articles. We have devoted space to the system of Student Administration found here. And, of course, the social activities were not neglected. Finally, there is the Directory of Students and Alumnae, and the advertising follows.

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MARGUERITE GRIFFIN

A tale begun in other days.

When summer suns were glowing—

A simple chime, that served to time

The rhythm of our rowing—

Whose echoes live in memory yet,

Though envious years would say 'forget.'

And, though the shadow of a sigh

May tremble through the story,

For 'happy summer days' gone by,

And vanish'd summer glory—

It shall not touch, with breath of bale,

The pleasure of our fairy-tale.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

















Her sister sat just as she left her, leaning her head on her hand, watching the setting sun, and thinking of little Alice and all her wonderful Adventures, till she too began dreaming after a fashion, and this was her dream:

First, she dreamed about little Alice herself—and still as she listened or seemed to listen, the whole place around her became alive with the strange creatures of her little sister's dream.

The long grass rustled at her feet as the White Rabbit hurried by—the frightened Mouse splashed his way through the neighboring pool—she could hear the rattle of the teacups as the March Hare and his friends shared their never-ending meal, and the shrill voice of the Queen ordering off her unfortunate guests to execution—once more the pig-baby was sneezing on the Duchess's knee, while plates and dishes crashed around it—once more the shriek of the Gryphon, the squeaking of the Lizard's slate-pencil, and the choking of the suppressed guinea-pigs, filled the air, mixed up with the distant sob of the miserable Mock Turtle.

So she sat on, with closed eyes, and half believed herself in Wonderland, though she knew she had but to open them again, and all would change to dull reality.

"I shall give you your directions," said the Queen.
"——— and in the Eighth Square we shall be Queens together, and it's all feasting and fun!" Alice got up and curtsied, and sat down again.

At the next peg the Queen turned again, and this time she said, "Speak in French when you can't think of the English for a thing—turn out your toes as you walk—and remember who you are!"



F A C U L T Y

Faculty

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Executive Secretary of Nursery School

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English

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Mathematics

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Biology

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English

Sister Marie Clotilde, M.A.
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Sister Rose Gertrude
Secretary

Sister Catherine Josephine
Secretary



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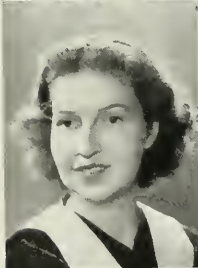
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EUGENE B. RILEY, M.A.
Economics



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Secondary Education



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Librarian



CARL SCHLEGEL
Musical Director



ROBERT CASS
Dramatics Director

For some minutes Alice stood without speaking, looking out in all directions over the country—and a most curious country it was. There were a number of tiny little brooks running straight across it from side to side, and the ground between was divided up into squares by a number of little green hedges, that reached from brook to brook.

"I declare, it's marked out just like a large chessboard!" Alice said at last. "There ought to be some men moving about somewhere—and so there are!" she added in a tone of delight, and her heart began to beat quick with excitement as she went on. "It's a great huge game of chess that's being played—all over the world—if this *is* the world at all, you know. Oh, what fun it is! How I *wish* I was one of them! I wouldn't mind being a Pawn, if only I might join—though of course I should *like* to be a Queen, best."

Her companion only smiled pleasantly, and said, "That's easily managed. When you get to the Eighth Square you'll be Queen——"

—"*Alice in Wonderland*"

"I've been to a day-school, too," said Alice; "you needn't be so proud as all that."

"With extras?" asked the Mock Turtle, a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Alice; "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice indignantly.

"Ah! Then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. "Now, at ours, they had, at the end of the bill, 'French, music, and washing—extra'."



S E N I O R S

RENEE AMAR

St. Agnes Academy

*Oh, blessed with temper whose un-
clouded ray*

*Can make tomorrow cheerful as to-
day*

Peace Conference Committee 4

Social Service 3, 4

Glee Club 2



ISABELLE ANDERSEN

St. Saviour Academy

*The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and
skill*

Chairman, Junior Prom 3

Attendance Committee 1, 2, 3, 4

Class Treasurer 4





JEANNE AUBRY

Our Lady of Wisdom Academy

*Generous souls are still most subject
to credulity*

Photography Editor, *Footprints* 4

Religion Committee 1, 2, 3, 4

Junior Prom Committee 3

YVONNE AUDIOUN

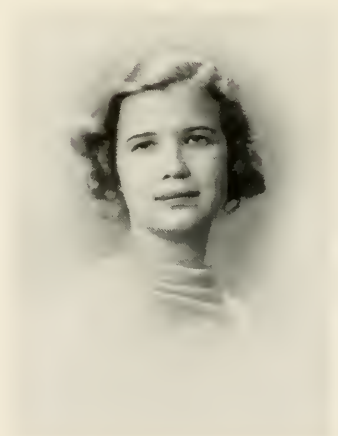
Our Lady of Wisdom Academy

*He seem'd
For dignity compos'd, and high ex-
ploit*

Chairman, Committee on Extra-
Curricular Activities 4

Class Vice-President 3, 4

Mercier Circle



FRANCES BENNETT

St. Brendan's High School

*Fanciful as a June twilight,
But a lover of earthy things*

Editor-in-Chief, *Footprints* 4
Vice-President, Dramatics 4
Athletic Association Hostess 3



EMILY BILLINGTON

East Islip High School

*Variety is the very spice of life
That gives it all its flavor*

Chairman, Alumnae Day 4
Benefit Bridge and Dance Committee 3
Athletic Association 2, 3





EILEEN BRENNAN

Bishop McDonnell Memorial High
School

*True as the needle to the pole
Or as the dial to the sun*

Varsity Basketball 1, 3, 4
Chairman, Alumnae Play Night 3
Junior Prom Committee 3

EDYTHER BRUCE

Erasmus Hall

*. . . and mistress of herself though
China fall*

Manager, Rifle 3
French Play 4
Chairman, Glee Club Christmas Con-
cert 4



MURIEL CAMPION

St. Brendan's High School

*Where the stream runneth smoothest,
the water is deepest*

Athletic Association 1, 2, 3

Social Service 2, 4

Parents' Day Committee 4



MARIE CLANCY

Grover Cleveland High School

*All mankind was pleased with her
And she with all mankind*

Bridge Club 3, 4

Dramatic Society 2

Committee, Reception to High School
Seniors 2



ANNE COFFEY

Bay Ridge High School

Of such a merry, stirring spirit

Alumnae Day Committee 3

Captain, Class Basketball 3

Fontbonne Hall Committee 4

HELEN DEEGAN

St. Angela Hall

All that's best of dark and bright

Meets in her aspect and her eyes

President, Bridge Club 4

Junior Prom Committee 3

Fall Dance Committee 3, 4



MARY DELANEY

Bishop McDonnell Memorial High
School

*The fairest garden in her looks
And in her mind the wisest books*

Chairman, Religion Committee 4
Athletic Association 2, 3, 4
Mercier Circle



CAROL DENELFO

St. Joseph's Academy

*Her air, her manners, all who saw ad-
mired,
Courteous, though coy, gentle, though
retired*

Committee on Examinations 4
Peace Conference Committee 4
Athletic Association 1, 2



DORIS DEVLIN

St. Saviour Academy

*They gazed and gazed, and still their
wonder grew*

*That one small head could carry all
she knew*

Mercier Circle

Honor Society 2

Chairman, Senior Week 4

ANN DOLAN

Bishop McDonnell Memorial High
School

As good as a play

Athletic Association 1

Dramatics 2

Social Service 3



RITA DONOVAN

St. Brendan's High School

*He is great who is what he is from
nature and never reminds us of
others*

Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4

Dramatics 1, 4

Junior Week Committee 3



ABIGAIL DORNEY

Bay Ridge High School

The glory of a firm, capacious mind

Varsity Basketball 2, 3, 4

President, Debaters Club 4

Junior Week Committee 3





DOROTHY DUFFY

St. Francis Xavier Academy

*Good humor, and a habit of being
pleased*

Loria Staff 1, 2, 3, 4

Rifle 1, 2

Editor, *Psychology Paper* 1

MARGARET ENGLISH

St. Angela Hall

*You are a worthy judge,
You know the law: your exposition
Hath been most sound*

Captain, Varsity Basketball 3, 4
Chairman, Attendance Committee 4
Senior Week Committee 4



MARIE FARLEY

Our Lady of Wisdom Academy

A good name is better than riches

Glee Club 1, 2, 4

Parents' Day Committee 3

Benefit Bridge and Dance Committee 3



KATHERINE FOLEY

St. Angela Hall

*Her smile was prodigal of summery
shine,*

Gaily persistent

Junior Prom Committee 3

Glee Club 1, 2, 3

Bridge Club 3, 4



EILEEN GRADY

James Madison High School

*Her voice was ever soft
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in
woman*

Social Service 3, 4
Glee Club 2
Dramatics 1

CATHERINE GRIFFIN

Our Lady of Wisdom Academy

*Gentle in personage
Conduct and equipage
Noble by heritage
Gentle and free*

Dramatic Society 1, 2
Glee Club 1, 3
Bridge Club 3, 4



MARGUERITE GRIFFIN

St. Francis Xavier Academy

The truly generous is the truly wise

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4

Dance Club 3

Christmas Party Committee 2



KATHLEEN HAIGNEY

Bishop McDonnell Memorial High
School

*Grace was in all her steps, heaven in
her eye,*

In every gesture dignity and love

Chairman, Alumnae Day 3

Chairman, Senior Prom 4

Chairman, General Assembly Pro-
grams 4



MARION HARRINGTON

St. Joseph's Academy

*A friend may well be reckoned the
masterpiece of nature*

Glee Club 1, 2

Bridge Club 3, 4

Christmas Party Committee 4

KATHRYNE HEFFERNAN

St. Angela Hall

*She hath a natural, wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness*

Junior Prom Committee 3

Parents' Day Committee 4

Bridge Club 3, 4



ISABELLE HESSON

St. Brendan's High School

Elegant as simplicity

Dramatic Society 1, 2, 3, 4

Chairman, Parents' Day Committee 4

Peace Conference Committee 4



ALICE HINES

Great Neck High School

Good humor only teaches charm to last,

Still makes new conquests and maintains the past

Glee Club 1, 2

Bridge 3, 4

Social Service 3





LORETTA HOFFMANN

Bishop McDonnell Memorial High
School

*I mean she should be courteous, facile,
sweet,
Hating the solemn vice of greatness'
pride*

Peace Conference Committee 4
Social Service 1, 2, 3, 4
Dramatics 1

JOSEPHINE HOGUE

Bay Ridge High School

*Candor is the seal of a noble mind,
the ornament and pride of man,
the sweetest charm of woman*

Class President 4
Chairman, Junior Week 3
Chairman, Extra-Curricular Activi-
ties Committee 3



ELIZABETH HUMANN

St. Angela Hall

*With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course,
Graceful and useful all she does*

Undergraduate Association Secretary

3, Vice-President 4

Religion Committee 1, 2, 3, 4

Varsity Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4



EDNA JOHNSTONE

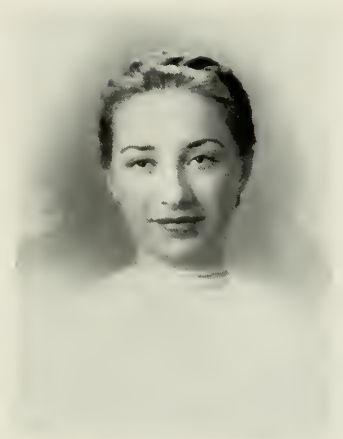
St. Brendan's High School

*There's nothing worth the wear of
winning
But laughter and the love of friends*

Mercier Circle

Dramatic Society Production 4

Rifle Squad 1, 2, 3





LILLIAN KEENAN

St. Saviour Academy

*The most manifest sign of wisdom is
continued cheerfulness*

Class Secretary 2, 3, 4

Chairman, Christmas Party 4

Class Basketball 2, 3, 4

HELEN LACEY

Bishop McDonnell Memorial High
School

*Who mixed reason with pleasure and
wisdom with mirth*

Athletic Association 1, 2, 3

Dramatic Society 4

Junior Week Committee 3



MARGARET LAUX

Bishop McDonnell Memorial High
School

Kindness has resistless charms

Committee on Examinations 2, 3, 4

Social Service 1, 2, 3, 4

Athletic Association 2



EDITH LILLY

St. Brendan's High School

*The noblest mind the best content-
ment has*

Treasurer, Athletic Association 2

Committee on Examinations 1, 2, 3, 4

Glee Club 2, 3, 4





KATHLEEN LYNAM

St. Joseph's Academy

There is no wisdom like frankness

Social Service 1, 3

Dramatic Society 1, 4

Fall Dance Committee 4

MARGARET MACGILLIVRAY

John Adams High School

*So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm, so soft, so strong, yet so re-
fined*

President, History Club 4

Junior Week Committee 3

Parents' Day Committee 4



RUTH MAGENHEIMER

Jamaica High School

*All her thought's a challenge like gay
ships,
Adventurous with treasures in the
hold*

Glee Club 1, 2, 3

Bridge Club 3, 4

Junior-Senior Luncheon Committee 4



MARY MARSHALL

St. Francis Xavier Academy

*The wisdom of many and the wit of
one*

Committee, Reception to High School
Seniors 3

French Club Production 4

Social Service 3, 4



EVELYN MCCAUSLAND

St. Saviour Academy

*Free of the fret, free of the weight of
living*

*Bravest among the brave, gayest
among the wise.*

President, Art Club 4

Loria Staff 4

Art Editor, *Footprints* 3, 4

MARY McGRATH

St. Brendan's High School

*A sunny temper gilds the edges of
Life's darkest cloud*

Dramatic Society 1, 4

Social Service 1, 2, 3, 4

Athletic Association 2



NORINE MCGUIRE

St. Francis Xavier Academy

*She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on*

Bridge Club 3

Glee Club 4

Social Service 1



ADELAIDE McLOUGHLIN

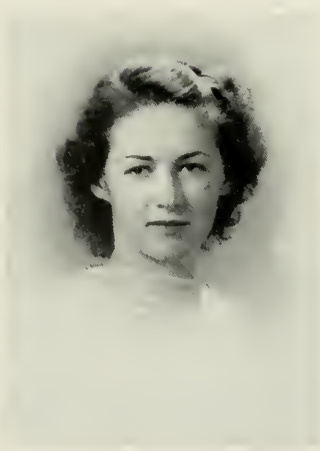
St. Agnes Seminary

*A town that boasts inhabitants like ye
Can have no lack of good society*

Athletic Association 1, 2, 4

Junior Week Committee 3

Dramatics 2





M. ELIZABETH MCMAHON

St. Aloysius Academy

Everyone must have felt that a cheerful friend is like a sunny day which sheds its brightness all around

Circulating Manager, *Footprints* 4

Fall Dance Committee 4

Dramatic Society 1, 2, 4

MARY MEEHAN

St. Francis Xavier Academy

*I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend*

Councilor, Undergraduate Association 3

Chairman, Fall Dance 4

Class Basketball 1, 2, 3



MARY MICHEL

Erasmus Hall High School

Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind

Rifle Squad, 1, 2, 3

Social Service 3

French Club 4



DOROTHY MOORE

Bishop McDonnell Memorial High
School

*Heart on her lips, a soul within her
eyes,*

*Soft as her clime, and sunny as her
skies*

Junior Prom Committee 3

Bridge Club 3, 4

Glee Club 1, 2, 3



AMALIA MORABITO

Washington Irving High School

*To those who know thee not, no
words can paint.*

*And those who know thee, know all
words are faint.*

President, Social Service 4

Vice-President, Circle Molière 4

French Club Production 4

JANET MORRIS

Erasmus Hall High School

*She had a head to contrive, a tongue
to persuade, and a hand to ex-
cute any mischief*

Honor Society 4

Mercier Circle

President, French Club 4



MARGUERITE MULRENAN

Girls' High School

*. . . thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward char-
acter*

President, Mercier Circle 4

Business Manager, *Loria* 3, 4

Business Manager, *Footprints* 4



ANNE MULVANEY

Our Lady of Wisdom Academy

*A merry heart doeth good like a
medicine*

Athletic Association 1, 3

Dramatics 1, 2

Bridge Club 2, 3, 4





GERTRUDE NEUFELD

St. Joseph's Academy

From you, little troubles pass

Like little ripples down a sunny river

Social Service 2, 3

Committee, Reception to High School

Seniors 3

Parents' Day Committee 4

MADELEINE NOONAN

Cathedral High School

*Sincerity is an openness of heart; 'tis
found in a very few people*

President, Dramatic Club 4

Co-Chairman, Benefit Bridge and
Dance 4

Junior Prom Committee 3



ELIZABETH O'HALLORAN

St. Joseph's Academy

*Age cannot wither nor custom stale
Her infinite variety*

Chairman, Student Administration
of Examinations 3, 4
Mercier Circle
Varsity Basketball 2, 3, 4



FRANCES OLIVERI

Seward Park High School

*Better is wisdom than the weapons of
war*

Circle Molière 3, 4
French Club Productions 2, 3, 4
Mercier Circle





RITA OLMSTEAD

Bishop McDonnell Memorial High
School

*A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks*

Bridge Club 3, 4
Glee Club 1
Rifle Squad 2

MARIE O'REGAN

St. Agnes Academy

*Friendship is no plant of hasty
growth.*

*Tho' rooted in esteem's deep soil, the
slow*

*And gradual culture of kind inter-
course*

Must bring it to perfection

Vice-President, Art Club 3
Alumnae Day Committee 4
Rifle Squad 1, 2, 3, 4



DOROTHEA O'ROURKE

St. Joseph's Academy

*'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and
white*

*Nature's own sweet and cunning hand
laid on*

Glee Club 1

Social Service 2, 3

Bridge Club 4



MARIE OSTERMANN

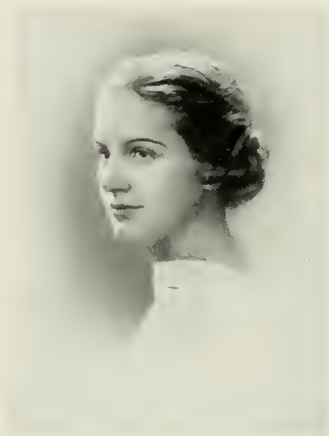
Westbury High School

Like the sun, true merit shows

Dramatic Society 1, 3, 4

Peace Conference Committee 4

Business Staff, *Footprints* 4





MARJORIE PARKER

St. Angela Hall

*You'd swear
That her steps are of light, that her
home is in the air,
And she only par complaisance
touches the ground*

Art Editor, *Loria* 3, 4

President, Art Club 3

Benefit Bridge Committee 3

HELEN REILLY

School of the Blessed Sacrament

*Her laugh, full of life, without any
control,
But the sweet one of gracefulness,
rising from her soul*

Manager, Deck Tennis, Shuffleboard,
Tenniquoit 4

Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4

Debaters' Club 3, 4



ANNETTE ROBINSON

Our Lady of Wisdom Academy

*A mirthfully serious, sober, delirious,
Gently imperious
Maid*

Councilor, Undergraduate Association 4

Class Treasurer 2, 3

Varsity Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4



MARION ROGERS

Bishop McDonnell Memorial High School

*Her very frowns are fairer far
Than the smiles of other maidens are*

Dramatic Society Production 4

Glee Club 1, 2, 4

Parents' Day Committee 3, 4





VERA ROTH

Bishop McDonnell Memorial High
School

*A good disposition is more valuable
than gold; for the latter is the
gift of fortune, but the former
is the dowry of nature*

Fall Dance Committee 4
Athletic Association 1, 2
Bridge Club 3, 4

CLARE RUANE

Our Lady of Wisdom Academy

*Wise to resolve, and patient to re-
form*

Social Service 2, 3
Athletic Association 4
Glee Club 1



MARGARET SCANNELL

St. Saviour Academy

*She moves a goddess and she looks a
queen*

Class Basketball 1, 2, 3

Junior Prom Committee 3

Fall Dance Committee 4



MAUREEN SEXTON

St. Saviour Academy

*The joy of youth and health her eyes
displayed,
And ease of heart her every look con-
veyed*

Fall Dance Committee 1

Glee Club 1, 2

Bridge Club 3, 4





EUNICE SHEERIN

St. Francis Xavier Academy

*Little nameless unremembered acts
of kindness*

Alumnae Day Committee 3

Junior Prom Committee 3

Chairman, Fontbonne Hall 4

RITA STAIGER

St. Angela Hall

*Speech is the light, the morning of the
mind*

President, Public Speaking Club 4

Benefit Bridge and Dance Committee 3

Parents' Day Committee 4



GENEVIEVE SULLIVAN

Ursuline High School

*Nothing great was ever achieved
without enthusiasm*

Advertising Manager, *Footprints* 4

Business Manager, *Loria* 4

Manager, Horseback Riding 3, 4



MARGARET SULLIVAN

Bishop McDonnell Memorial High
School

*Her loveliness so absolute she seems
And in herself complete*

Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4

Chairman, Junior-Senior Luncheon 3

Manager, Baseball 4





NORA SULLIVAN

Bishop McDonnell Memorial High
School

*From the crown of her head to the
sole of her foot,
She is all mirth*

Athletic Association 2, 3, 4
Social Service 3
Dramatic Society 1

MARY TWIGG

St. Angela Hall

Nothing succeeds like success

President, Glee Club 4
Religion Committee 2, 3, 4
Class Vice-President 2



RITA WOOD

Jamaica High School

*W'hate'er she did was done with so
much ease,
In her alone 'twas natural to please*

Rifle Squad 1, 2, 3, 4

Benefit Bridge and Dance Commit-
tee 3

Junior-Senior Luncheon Commit-
tee 3



GENEVIEVE WRIGHT

St. Angela Hall

*She was a scholar and a ripe and good
one,
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and per-
suading*

President, Undergraduate Associa-
tion 4

Class President 2, 3

Mercier Circle



FRANCES YOUNG

St. Angela Hall

*You are cool, like silver,
And you smile*

President, Athletic Association, 4
Varsity Basketball 2, 3, 4
Glee Club 2, 3, 4

MARGARET YOUNG

Cathedral High School

Hers is a spirit deep and crystal-clear

Secretary, Dramatic Society 3
Benefit Bridge and Dance Committee 3
Chairman, Reception to High School Seniors 4



In Memoriam

MARY HUNDLEY

She started out eagerly with the Class of '37, but was permitted to travel what seemed so short a distance before she was called away. To us, who were just beginning to know her, the news of her death came as a profound shock. We think of her now as we near the goal toward which she had turned her eyes.

*'Whom the gods love die young,' was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this.*

Valedictory

Caught in the web of fancy, our eyes filled with the dust of stars, we have looked forward to this day. Now that web lies broken at our feet; we face a cold reality. Our wish is about to be realized.

Would that we could always live in a world of dreams where everything turned out just as we wished. Would that we had a magic ring to make our hopes come true. We recognize that conditions are not so ominous for us as they were for our fellow students who have graduated in the last few years. Still the situation is not an ideal one; we must face the facts.

The happy thought comes that perhaps each and every one has a magic talent in his make-up which can bring him success. The longer we dwell on this idea, the more we realize that this is no idle fancy. It is an actuality. God does not lavish His gifts on one. To each He gives at least one talent which differentiates that one from every one of his fellow-creatures. It is our task to find this talent and to make use of it. Herein will lie the key to the art of being different, the secret to success.

Perhaps our gift lies in seeing sense where others see only nonsense; in finding that golden opportunity where others can find only dismal failure; in seeing light where others see only darkness; in finding the answer to a problem in which others cannot get beyond the question. Perhaps we are not so gifted. For the majority of us, I think, our talent is the doing of the ordinary things extraordinarily well. Perhaps our destiny leads us to accomplish things which others would not risk trying, to finish tasks which others shirk. If we refuse to take the risk, if we play the shirker, our golden opportunity will pass by; we shall have missed our chance. An apt illustration of this is the old story of Archias, King of Syracuse.

Once upon a midnight dreary, Archias, King of Syracuse, stole from his palace. Concealing his features with a somber mantle, he made his way to the city gate. Here the king rolled a large stone from the roadside and hastily buried it, half below the surface and half above, directly in the narrow roadway.

With the unfastening of the gates at dawn, began the exodus of peasants to the fields, of merchants and travelers. Every wagon that passed jogged over the stone, horses stumbled, men stubbed their feet. The same words were on all their lips: "Why doesn't someone remove that stone?"

People passed and blundered throughout the day, and the return of the workers at sundown found the obstacle intact in their path. With surprised indignation, everyone repeated as he passed on, "Why doesn't someone remove that stone?"

Swiftly approached the day set by the king when he would appoint the new chancellor. He had sworn by Zeus to select a man of true worth. Yet he maintained he did not know who that one would be, even at this mature time.

The festive morn for the appointment arrived, and among the holiday crowd thronging the gate was the gallant Prince Mentor, youngest son of the neighboring King of Crete. The fateful stone was causing great furor. The prince was amused and stood off by the roadside to enjoy the sport. Over and over he heard the whining complaint, "Why doesn't someone remove that stone?"

At last the prince laughed and stepping forward, he loosened the stone and rolled it from the roadway. The removal of the stone disclosed a parchment bearing the King's seal. On it were inscribed these words, "Who removes this stone shall be Chancellor of Syracuse—one fit to serve his fellow men."

Frankly, would we have been among the complainers, or would we have done what the others were too lazy to do? If we choose to play the mediocre part, our college education has missed its mark; we have passed our talent by. We must choose the higher things where "the mind is filled with joy alone nor hath sadness any part therein." This is to be the prize alone. This is to be sought for with all our might.

Mary E. Delaney '37

Walter de la Mare, Maker of Dreams

*What can a tired heart say,
Which the wise of the world have made dumb?
Save to the lonely dreams of a child,
Return again, come!*

A man looked at a cloud one day and saw in it a dream. He reached out his hand and sought to retain it, for it was a beautiful, colorful thing. But dreams are not for the worldly-wise, they are the heritage of youth. And so this man stood still for a moment and then he spoke. "I shall take this dream," he said. "I shall multiply it a thousandfold and make a land of dreams. Then I shall call all children to me and say to them, 'Return, children, return to the land of dreams.'"

Thus it was that Walter de la Mare, with his body on earth and his heart in a star, became the poet of dreams and the dreamer of beauty. Quietly, lovingly, fearing no criticism and desiring no applause, he set about his work of reviving dreams. He had a gift for revealing the romance of innocence that accompanies only the most delicate of minds. He, like Stevenson before him, had a child's freshness and fertility of imagination; he, like Thompson, saw in children's eyes "something, something that replies." He called these children to dreams and they eagerly stumbled to him. They loved his bewitching pictures; they delighted in his unexpected tancy; they marvelled at his fantastic stories. He took them in to the "little green orchard" and they were happy and tranquil there. He went with them to the land of fairies and gnomes who danced in a leaf-green light. He thrilled them with tales of once-upon-a-time, till, all else forgotten, their hearts stood still in the hush of an age gone by.

This was Walter de la Mare, the maker of dreams. But there was another side to this same Walter de la Mare, for he was "the type of the wise who soar but never roam." Thus it was, that with the skill of an artist, he was able to combine the charm of folk-lore with a realistic presentation of detail. He was beguiled by the earth and he loved to contemplate its beauty, but he was perturbed by the vanity of men. All he loved in beauty cried to him that we are but vain shadows and reflections of an Eternal Beauty which is to come.

His thoughts, however, were not those of a philosopher. They were the rather detached musings of a man who believed with Conrad that a writer's task is to make you hear, feel and see, and so to give you a glimpse of Truth. And we do see, we do hear, we do feel. We see a shimmering moon pouring silver indiscriminately over casement windows and harvest mice. We see a sunken garden at eventide, we breathe its fragrance, and we feel its peace. We see—but to catalogue all that we see is to dissect the rose and to analyze the dewdrop. It is enough that we have sensed perfection; it is enough that we have walked with Walter de la Mare into the land of Romance and Beauty; it is enough, nay, more than enough, to have heard his song, to have been able to "dream, wake, wake, dream, in one brief bar."

Margaret Sullivan '37

The Non-Importance of Being Earnest

There are still too many people who live in strict accordance with Longfellow's dictum that

Life is real, life is earnest.

Something inside rebels against it. That, perhaps, is why we laugh at cartoons and caricatures; we know the actuality they would distort, and relish seeing it shown up. We applaud satiric drama and literature and art, unless, of course, they be too cutting; for if the satirist lacks even a small share of kindness, he, like the prophet, seldom finds honor in his own country. It is much easier to accept the suggestion that Europeans are stupid and boorish to the point of comedy, than it is to accept the same judgment about our precious American selves. Still, when it comes to pouring the spirit of an age into concrete, formal expression, the satirist may rightfully take his place with the artist and the historian.

He catches the age when it is nearly overripe, when things are nearly at an impasse, and his skill lies in his ability to reinterpret the old truth that people take themselves much too seriously. Piers Plowman among his field full of folk, Don Quixote entangled in his windmills, Panurge with his sheep, and Androcles with his lion, are but representatives of millions who might have been even more peculiar, simply because they were real rather than the creation of an author's brain.

It took Shakespeare to say poetically that

All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players;

They have their exits and their entrances;

And one man in his time plays many parts,

His act being seven ages.

Yet the poet himself never said definitely how the stage is set, whether for comedy or tragedy. He found both and managed to reconcile successfully one with the other. Not everyone can do that, least of all the fabled "man in the street," who, because he lacks perspective, is inclined to consider the whole business of living a very weighty and serious matter. After all, it requires a certain amount of courage, not to mention intelligence, to laugh at oneself, but then again, is there any particular reason why the one individual should remain in the dark about his own comic possibilities when everyone else is in on the secret? Of course there are always people who prefer to be kept in the dark, and the thicker the fog, the more serious they become, and the more serious they become, the funnier they are.

The man we characterize as "a pompous old fool" cuts such a fine figure of fun because he is willfully unaware of his own myopia and lack of proportion. There is a terrible solemnness about his attitudes and conduct, not on important points, but on the thousand petty details which in magnitude of importance have about the same relation to reality as a flea to an elephant. Multiply this man by millions, trim off a little here, add a little there, and the model can be made to fit anyone, from dictator to ditchdigger.

Laughter, after all, is largely a matter of seeing things in their true proportion. About eight centuries ago there lived a man who, if he were alive today, would laugh us to scorn. I choose this man, Francis of Assisi, because we hear so much of the "Franciscan spirit" without realizing what it implies. Francis of Assisi discovered a secret, which, in itself, was not too surprising since it had been lying around ever since the world began. But, all things considered, Francis did a fairly good job of making it known. He could laugh at poverty and insult because he had found out that only one thing mattered—the love of God; and that the only things worth being serious about were those which bear some relation to our final salvation—or damnation. They weigh the same here. In the light of that discovery, too great a seriousness about other things becomes a fit subject for jest.

Francis could afford to laugh at it even as the martyrs laughed amid chains and torture. There is exquisite humor in the dying words of a St. Lawrence or a St. Ignatius. The ironic twist in the persecutions was that the joke was on the pagan persecutors and they didn't know it. For the Romans, the spectacle of Christians being thrown to the lions was a richly humorous situation. It must have been a little maddening to find that they were being laughed at instead. When it comes to such a contest, the saint has an edge on everyone else, for he alone can afford to be entirely unafraid of the world and its peculiar inhabitants. He can remember that the scribes and Pharisees of the Gospels were humbled to the dust because they took themselves too seriously and Christ too lightly.

The case of their contemporary, Lazarus, is provocative. Just what Lazarus experienced during those four days of entombment has always been a subject for conjecture. One is inclined to sympathize with the thesis of dramatist Eugene O'Neill, who felt that whatever Lazarus saw or heard during those days made him not sad, but happy, so deliciously happy that he laughed a laughter beautiful and compelling, laughed aloud until he died a martyr, and, presumably, laughs in heaven with the sheer joy of knowledge and love.

But the knowledge and love which brought him such joy rose from faith and a sense of wonder, and not from reason at all. Only the truly childlike enter the Kingdom of Heaven, and only the childlike can appreciate the exquisite, flower-like mood of a fairy tale. The blasé adult would take it seriously, at peril of his sanity, or else treat it as an absurdity, which is an unforgivable crime. The child knows the story is not real, but he has the happy faculty of being able to appreciate it as if it were true, so the enchanted world of fairies and golden-haired princesses, of witches and heroic princes, of talking beasts and fire-breathing dragons remains hallowed ground.

Recently we were treated to the spectacle of a psychologist throwing up his hands in holy horror at the possible fate of children who are permitted to read *Alice in Wonderland*. He finds that it is cruel and wholly impossible, therefore unhealthy. Another Scrooge in our midst! Did the unhappy man ever read *Peter Pan*, I wonder, and what does he say about that? Let us hope there are not too many like him, but rather seek for the world of St. Francis, of Lazarus, of children and of those other men who see and laugh at the foibles of a world which takes itself too seriously.

Genevieve Wright '37

A Challenge

The modern man is convinced that only through education can we have progress. To achieve this progress, we in the United States have developed a superior standard of learning. The early colonial academies and private Latin schools are a far cry from our present system of public education, which ranks with the best in the world.

But while looking with pride upon our own advancement, let us pause to consider the attitude of other countries on this question. Our nearest neighbor to the south is Mexico. Long before this great country of ours was thoroughly known and colonized, our friends below the Rio Grande had a method of education of which they could be justly proud.

The two most outstanding names among the early educators in Mexico are Peter of Ghent, a lay Franciscan brother, and Bishop Zumarraga. Zumarraga, the first Archbishop of Mexico, founded hospitals and established schools for native children. During this time a pastoral clergy was being developed. It was their duty to care for souls in settled parishes. Every town had a school beside the church, where the children were taught to read and write.

The first institution for higher education of the Indian was Holy Cross College in Tlalatelolco. The college turned out scholars as fine as any Spanish college. Santa Cruz College which opened its doors in January 1534, thirteen years after Cortes conquered Mexico City, was founded by Bishop Zumarraga. In 1553, there were three principal colleges: Santa Cruz, San Juan de Letran and one for exclusive Spaniards and Creoles. The Augustinians founded the College of San Pablo, and the Jesuits, the College of San Ildefonso in 1575.

The University of Mexico came into being in June 1553, just thirty-two years after the conquest. Our own college, Harvard, was not opened until nearly a century later. Mexico had so many schools and colleges before the confiscation as to justify the statement by Francis Kelly that "up to that day there never had been a country on the face of the earth that, in so short a time, had done so much in an educational way. When the circumstances of time and conditions surrounding the effort and the obstacles to be overcome are considered, history presents no finer record of educational achievement and success."

Today, Mexico is considered illiterate. Why? What has become of these educational institutions? The principal plank of the reform of 1857 was confiscation of ecclesiastical property, which consisted chiefly of schools, asylums, hospitals. As the schools were closed, barracks were opened. The revolution of 1917 completed the work. Now, in many states of the Mexican Republic, a clergyman is forbidden to officiate.

The College of Santa Cruz was converted successively into a barracks, a political prison, a military headquarters and, at last, a military prison. The church was occupied as a customhouse. The Colleges of San Pedro and San Pablo and the Indian College of San Gregorio were transformed into Houses of Correction. The Jesuit college, San Ildefonso, was confiscated by the government.

Once there were free schools in every parish, but this is no longer true. In spite of the few show schools in the federal district, three million children are without educational opportunity in Mexico.

The conditions in Mexico are a challenge to justice and the moral rights of all men. The beauty that was has given way to the desolation and destruction that is.

Kathryne Heffernan '37

Jeeves and the Spot of Art

When Bertie Wooster brought home a vase from an auction and parked it on his mantelpiece, Jeeves said little but his attitude said a lot. He eyed in a marked manner; he viewed with concern. So did my family when I took up the study of art in a spirit of serious research. They did not object vocally—much good that would have done them—but all three aunts and Sandy gave me the raised eyebrow and the skeptical look. They seemed to be thinking that the poet's outlook on life was so much mashed potatoes; a little art is desirable; it is a lot of it that is dangerous—and demoralizing.

It wasn't that I littered the house with chips of paper, because I didn't. The carnage was confined to my own room, and irked no one but Sandy, who had to sulk in his own chair because my couch (my error! his couch) was littered with Botticellis. No, it wasn't that. It was only my room that became temporarily uninhabitable, and my wastebasket that was stuffed with superfluous great masters.

What they objected to was that my roving and acquisitive spirit (inherited no doubt from some Duffy who sailed with Hawkins and Drake) reached out claw-like hands toward their most cherished possessions. I wanted to cut the gorgeous colored plate of the Halls of Karnak from Volume Something of the *Book of Knowledge*, which no one ever looks at, anyway, and when forbidden to do so, my Zeal for the Beautiful made me lug the big elephant to school. I think it was then that looks of apprehension began to fly thick as autumn leaves in Vallambrosa, for the next object of my attentions was the National Encyclopedia, the pride of all our hearts. The Catholic Encyclopedia was safe, not from piety, but because it had no colored plates. But the National! Um-m! The "Madonna delle Sedie," a lovely, big, round picture with a wide margin of shiny white paper all around it, was the first *œuvre* to rouse the piratical soul of the Spanish Main Duffys. Then there was Fra Angelico's "Annunciation," pale yet vivid, a whole page of it, and I didn't have a single Angelico to my portfolio. And Turner's "Fighting Téméraire" I could have eaten. I'll confess right here, and I hope my family never gets to read this, that I had not the shadow of an excuse for claiming this Turner. We didn't have Turner anywhere in either of the art courses, and what made me try to chisel it was covetousness neither pure nor simple.

While we're on this subject of confessions, I will also remark that it was not I who took another picture of the "Madonna of the Chair" from its carved wooden frame. At that, its owner didn't accuse me of swiping it; she only thought some one else might have done it for me. Not that she had any right to complain. If the semester had lasted two weeks longer, I swear she would have given me the "Annunciation." My family has always been anxious for my scholastic reputation. By cooing that other people had some nice pictures, but my portfolio was much admired, I got plenty of amateur assistance.

Why is it that the least—er—academic newspapers have the best art? The *Times* never prints anything but black and white, or sepia, at the most, while the *Daily Shriek* has lovely colored reproductions of everybody back to Cimabue. During my spasmodic attendance at Journalism—some people never understood how I dared cut so lavishly—I took full advantage of what the *Times* had to offer. The *Shriek* was harder to encompass. Fortunately, I have a friend who has a brother who follows the adventures of

Tarzan and other heroes of the comic strips. She cut out the pictures and saved them for me, and every week I'd go and have tea seasoned with æsthetic discussions. She also gave me four William Blakes, showing Job in the throes of harrowing visions and nightmares, which, although called for in neither art course, I treasured for their inhuman interest.

I don't know what possessed Mr. Mellon to give his art collection to the nation just at that time (maybe Jeeves arranged it!) but it was peculiarly fortunate for me, for I had no Peruginos except a portrait or two, and Raphaels are always useful.

Another treasure-trove, and a peculiarly gorgeous one, was a certain travel magazine which arrives at our door at uncertain intervals. Somebody, Mussolini maybe, or perhaps Jeeves, sends it to my aunt. Every issue has two beautiful colored plates and any number of lesser fry. The pictures from this publication aroused passionate interest among my classmates; I explained several times, but evidently none of their aunts know Mussolini—or Jeeves.

It was fortunate, though, that the term ended when it did. Believe it or not, the publishers of that travel sheet had the audacity to ask us to pay for it henceforth. Of course, we declined. If there had been another month of art, equally of course, we would have paid.

(Author's note: But Mussolini (or Jeeves) must have gotten after them, for we received another copy a few weeks ago, with a Fra Angelico in it, and a detail from Masaccio's "Tribute Money.")

There's a beautiful moral lesson to be drawn from the way one fountain of Higher Life enriches another. The pursuit of the graphic arts has enlivened the pursuit of secondhand books no end. I had a few books on art already—a small one on the *Ministry of Art*, with a few black and white illustrations; a tiny volume on Velasquez, with all his best work in black and white, acquired for six cents 'way up beyond the Brooklyn Museum; a hook full of Burne-Jones pictures that I cribbed, by permission, from one of my aunts (someone had cut out the "Bath of Venus," but I liked it just the same). When I went in seriously for collecting reproductions of the great masters, I also began to keep my eyes open for books about them, and some treasures came my way. Which brings us to the case of the Missing Holman Hunt.

In my favorite bookshop—the one that gave me the *Culprit Fay*, *Cranford*, and *Byron*, and some other tome, all for two bits—I came across a thinnish book containing a dissertation on the life and works of one Holman Hunt, a painter. It was adorned with no less than eight illustrations in glorious colors. Publishers are so stingy in this direction that you perceive right away this was a rare gem. It follows that it was of great price—in brief, twenty-five cents. Now there may be a college girl who has twenty-five cents to spare on Friday, but I have never met her, and I certainly don't keep her under my hat. I told my troubles to the proprietor, and he wrapped it up and wrote my name on it, and parked it in his desk.

Monday lunch hour, which was two hours long, I redeemed my treasure, and then betook myself downtown to see if there were any more treasures lying around. There were not, so I went back to school, to discover there that Holman Hunt and I had parted company, I knew not where or how. He was gone as completely as a dream

that you can't remember. Even Jeeves's philosophy could not comfort me. I hunted through every classroom in the school, and then hunted other places. Then I tackled the Lost and Found in the department store I had visited. Not a trace.

Believe it or not, though, I got it back the next day, and it *had* been left in the department store. And if you want to know why the Lost and Found turned me down, it was because most of the salespeople downtown are college graduates and have taken applied psychology. The staff in the book department, finding a book with my name on the wrapping, put their heads together and said, "This wench has been haunting this department for months. She's sure to come back." So, instead of sending it down to the Place Where Lost Things Turn Up, they kept it up on the third floor with the rest of the books. They were right and I went back.

A gorgeous volume full of colored and otherwise plates was another piece of luck. It had lost its paper jacket, and was therefore marked down within my reach. I wanted the jacket, too, because it had a picture of Rubens' "Venus and Adonis" on it which would have glorified a page of the portfolio, but if the jacket had been on it, I couldn't have bought it at all. Still, with its handsome red binding, it is very impressive—so much so that one of the adjustable shelves had to be adjusted to a new high.

(Author's Note: Readers of a former article, which bewailed the difficulty of finding headroom for the larger volumes, may wonder why I made so much fuss when all I had to do was pull out a few pegs and put them in again. The answer is that at that time my room was not so equipped. In fact, it wasn't the same room. In the interim we have moved. Now, instead of two shelves and three bookcases, I have five bookcases—which does not simplify matters at all.)

It was a great relief to my family when that portfolio (I never sank to calling it a scrapbook) was handed in. I have a few goodish books of my own, and was beginning to eye them ghoulishly. In spite of the fact that these tomes are my own property, certain people had the nerve to tell me that I shouldn't cut the pictures out. Oh well, all things come to an end! But one of these days I'm going to buy me another tube of "paper cement," and then—watch out!

Dorothy V. Duffy '37

The Thief

He laughed;
Tore my heart asunder,
Filled his pockets with its parts,
Vanished with his plunder.

Eileen Brennan '37

Sadness in Sweet Sound

The masters among the composers have sometimes grasped the most fundamental aspects of life and living, and have embodied them in their music. Although we who are amateurs even in appreciation may not be able to comprehend their message, we are nevertheless aware of some element which is stirring, universal, and yet so intimate that it penetrates our minds far more deeply than any written or spoken word. Music is like philosophy in one sense, that it provides an inexhaustible subject for study; but unlike it in that it can be enjoyed without any extensive knowledge. The old saw about the cat looking at the king applies here; fortunately, we can listen to Bach, Beethoven, Wagner and Tschaiikowsky without being dilettantes.

There must be, however, a more real pleasure for the initiated than appears to the neophyte. I have some friends—a middle-aged couple, who, I believe, would not resent my mention of them here—who live actively and consciously in a search for beauty, and seek it chiefly in music. They entertain us when we visit them by playing on their victrola the best of the symphonies in their fine library. And if anyone were inconsiderate enough to stop the instrument in the very heart of the “Brandenberg Concerto,” both of them would hum it to its conclusion. Of course, four hours of mostly Bach, with some Mozart to lighten the burden (for they are kindly people) is very tiring; and yet I envy them the sincere love they have for the most enduring music that has ever been composed.

Without knowing much about it, I have become a noisy and belligerent Wagner enthusiast. It may be true that his music-dramas are a hybrid form of art: labored in construction, and purely emotional in appeal, but they make French and Italian operas seem trivial and colorless. *Die Walküre*, and especially its last act, is inimitable in its sustained power. The exciting “Ride of the Valkyrs,” the wrath of Wotan, and the haunting, flickering charm of the “Fire Music” with the Siegfried theme flung boldly across it—the whole is an unforgettable pictorial composition. And it is more than that, for Wagner throughout the *Ring* portrays that basic struggle between idealism and materialism which so completely absorbed the thought of his century. Aside from this, he has given us the most glorious love music we possess in the “Liebesnacht” of *Tristan und Isolde*, and the purest of aspirations in his *Tannhäuser*.

Of Bach I hardly dare to speak. Not that I have not listened and tried to understand; but he is on a pinnacle that is difficult to scale. There are only a few of his works that are within my comprehension. First among these for sheer impressiveness is the “Passacaglia,” the composer’s bitter protest against social injustice. The minor chords of this splendidly integrated composition convey the strongest sorrow and disillusionment. Although, to my undying shame, I know nothing about fugues, themes, and variations, I can still enjoy the suites, in the third of which is the lovely melody familiar to us as the “Air for G String.”

After all, we do not live on a titanic scale. These things are really too large for over-frequent enjoyment. We should use them, rather, for touchstones, and thus maintain a sense of perspective. The part that music plays in everyday life is far different. It is simple, amusing and recreational, and provision has been made for this truth even among

the classics. The wise composers have given us melodies which are not the less great, and all the more dearly beloved, because we can produce them ourselves, albeit in a mangled form. It is from the Northerners with their capacity for gentle melancholy that our best songs come. Why does sadness move men so much more deeply than joy? I am thinking of the tenderness of Grieg's "Ich Liebe Dich," the lyric quality of Bohm's "Still As the Night," and the haunting, slow sweep of the "Valse Triste." The source of Gounod's "Ave Maria" is in Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord," to which the French composer wrote the theme that his predecessor had so skillfully implied. From Beethoven there is the "Moonlight Sonata" and the wistful "Für Elise," and from Schubert his many lovely songs. I think that Grieg seldom receives the acclaim he deserves for his two best suites—the *Peer Gynt* and the *Lyric*. In the latter there is an exquisite nocturne which should be played more often.

In this hopelessly sketchy jumble of opinion and catalogue let us look southward to those countries which we usually consider the true province of song. As we hurry through Vienna we swing into waltz time; our heads sway rather fatuously from side to side, and we "trip it on the light fantastic toe." For this is the kingdom of the Strausses, whose blithe music brings a sparkle to the eye of the veriest purist who ever debated on counterpoint. And here is Italy, land of joyous opera that lilts its way carelessly through comedy and tragedy alike. Notice how geography effects a change of mood. What the southerners lack of strength and sublimity, they compensate in pure joy of living and human appeal. We hum the *Rigoletto* quartet without the slightest shade of sadness; the "Miserere" speaks of undying love rather than of death. The mention of Italy brings to mind more readily "O Sole Mio" and "La Donna e Mobile" than the pathos of Puccini. And I have heard a toccata of Galuppi's that is very danceable.

And now north again to France—to the Paris that heaped insult on *Carmen*, when Bizet presented it, because it was too "Wagnerian." I suppose that Gounod might be considered representative of the composers of his day, although occasionally he approaches the spirit of the Germans. But he, too, felt the influence of the Italian school, and we find it in the dainty waltzes and prevalently gay tone of Faust. . . . Massenet, Halévy, Chopin, Chaminade, Debussy. . . . names known to everyone, melodies that float in shreds about our memories! When a man has genius, does he know that for generations people will be spellbound by his magic, and is he patient and glad?

The Russians, the Poles, the Americans! There is no room for them all, and the gifts they bring. And I have forgotten sacred music, the marches, the folk songs. Even at this I have learned nothing, and I have said nothing. I could not even hint to you what music is or what it means. It is only one more thing to wonder at in man: "that out of three sounds, he frame, not a fourth sound, but a star."

Doris Devlin '37

Mrs. Harris

What did Mrs. Harris look like? Where did she live? What was her occupation? Was she a widow? Or was there a Mr. Harris, a shadowy consort? Or is it really true that Sairey Gamp yielded to a creative impulse and made her up out of whole cloth, as Dickens implies?

It has always been a matter of great wonder and amazement to me that Dickens, who loved so much to picture his characters down to the last wrinkle in a black bombazine skirt, could have left Mrs. Harris only a wraithlike invention of Sairey's brandy-tinctured imagination. It must have cost him a pang. He heightened the effectiveness of his caricature of gentle Nurse Gamp, who laid out her patients before they were dead in order to see what they would look like after they had succumbed to her tender ministrations, when he gave her a purely fictional friend through whose mouth she might sound her own praises, but he must have regretted the lost opportunity to add one more portrait to his gallery of oddities.

What could he have done with Mrs. Harris? He could have made her a tall, spare woman with a black dress too tight for her and a husband too small for her. She might have had a perpetual red tip to her nose, and, to explain the redness, a convenient pocket in her skirt continually sagging under the weight of a bottle of the "tonic" which all of Mrs. Gamp's friends seemed to need. She might have carried an umbrella, rolled up tightly on its stick, as Mrs. Gamp's was left bulging and flapping. However, we cannot say arbitrarily that Mrs. Harris would have been thin. We are willing to concede that she might have been as ample as Mrs. Gamp herself. But, we state positively, she would have had a little man with pale, prominent, watery blue eyes and a weedy moustache, for a husband. Mr. Harris would have worn a frock coat, two sizes too large for him, and a high glazed collar, slightly soiled, also too large for him, above which his Adam's apple would bob with fright every time Mrs. Harris made a sudden move in his direction. Mr. Harris would have been a postman or a green-grocer's clerk, and Mrs. Harris would have been a nurse who had given up that profession to marry him, a fact which she would hurl at him, together with a piece of crockery, when he would weakly protest about the lateness or absence of his dinner. He would wonder feebly, not why he had persuaded her to give up nursing, but why he had persuaded her to marry him. The little man would never realize that he had not done any persuading at all; Mrs. Harris had simply decided to marry him out of hand, and done so.

But there can never be a Mrs. Harris. Mrs. Harris was killed by Betsy Prig when Betsy hurled the remark, "I don't believe there's no sich a person," into Sairey's astounded face. The foul blow fell. Mrs. Harris dissolved in an atmosphere compounded of brandy, liniment and the odor of rusty black material. I heartily echo Mrs. Gamp's sentiment, "But the words she spoke of Mrs. Harris, lambs could not forgive. No, Betsy! nor worms forget!"

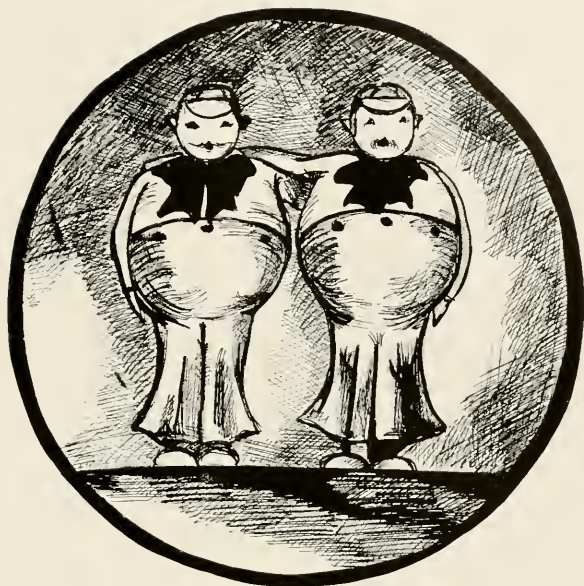
"If you think we're wax-works," he said, "you ought to pay, you know. Wax-works weren't made to be looked at for nothing. Nohow!"

"Contrariwise," added the one marked "Dee," "if you think we're alive, you ought to speak."

—They looked so exactly like a couple of great schoolboys, that Alice couldn't help pointing her finger at Tweedledum, and saying, "First Wop!"

"Nohow!" Tweedledum cried out briskly, and shut his mouth up again with a snap.

"Next Wop!" said Alice, passing on to Tweedledee, though she felt quite certain he would only shout out "Contrariwise!" and so he did.



UNDERGRADUATES

'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.'



J U N I O R S



Junior Class

President

CELESTE HUGHES

Vice-President

RITA MCGOVERN

Secretary

WINIFRED MEADE

Treasurer

ANN KANE

Councilor

ALICE KENNEDY

With the coming of September nearly all the Sophomores looked forward very eagerly to becoming upperclassmen at last. The year that means so much to everyone was finally attained. The Junior year witnessed the advent of many social events and the rôle of both host and guest of honor falls to the Junior class as a whole.

Our memories of the aid and assistance we were given by our sister class spurred, in turn, our efforts to help our own Freshmen sisters. Our only hope is that we have made them feel very much at home and very welcome.

Individually, the Junior class played a very large part in social events. Celeste



Hughes and Fran Coffey were excellent in the Dramatic Club production of *Ladies of the Jury*. The spring production, *The Swan*, finds Pat Muller in the leading rôle, as Dr. Agi. If the rehearsals are any indication of what the finished article will be, we're sure it will be a fine performance.

Of course, our biggest event of the year was Junior Week, which was splendidly handled by Peggy Magee and her committee. We started the week by attending Mass in a body on Monday morning; that evening we had dinner at the American Women's Club. The Seniors, on Tuesday night, took us to see the colorful musical, *White Horse Inn*. We were the guests of our sister class in the alumnae on Thursday night when we saw the delightful fantasy, *High Tor*. We had a wonderful time at both performances and I'm sure we'll never forget them. We closed our week with the much anticipated Junior Prom. The chairmanship was in the very able hands of Betty Nicolaus and her committee. They made the evening a very enjoyable one.

We are going to miss all the attention which has been showered upon us this year. It seems almost impossible to believe that in a short while we will be Seniors. However, this year has been one so full of lovely memories that we will always remember it and remember also those who helped us to make it so successful.

H'inifred Mcade '38

Wordsworth's Concepts of Nature

Nature may almost be called the be-all and end-all of Wordsworth's life and poetry. It was one of the most dominant forces in the formation of his character and in the shaping of his poetic gift. He was born in the Lake Country and in this section, noted for its loveliness, he grew up. Nature formed the setting for his boyhood sports. By day, and even by night, he ranged through the woods around his home, hunting, scaling cliffs to carry off birds' nests, skating under the stars in winter, swimming and boating in summer—all in a close though unheeding companionship with nature. His spirit was not hampered by the confinement of city life or by man-made boundaries. Rather, it was free to expand to the large measure of the natural world about him, to absorb beauty, and to learn at firsthand the laws of nature. He writes in his autobiographical poem, "The Prelude"—

*Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear.*

Fear, it will be noticed, had its place. For even then nature was something more to the child than a background for his play, a mere physical thing; even then he vaguely sensed a spiritual presence behind the familiar forms around him, a presence that was a shaping power, a guide; that inarticulately impressed on him what was right and what wrong.

Then, as the boy grew older and his mind developed, the instinctive, animal-like companionship with nature was left behind, and he approached the beauties around him with conscious appreciation. Daily the common range of visible things grew dearer to him. The sun, shedding its light over the morning hills or setting behind the mountains, the moon "hung midway between the hills," still water beneath a starry sky—all impressed their loveliness upon him. And nature then was "all in all" to him. His appreciation was of the senses; it was a thing of "aching joys" and "dizzy raptures," an instinct

*That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied . . .*

But this purely sensual admiration, too, gave way with maturity, and in its place there came a quieter love, a reflective emotion, in which the mind had its part. His contact with nature gave him food for thought as well as for feeling. He looked beyond form and color, not now satisfied by these alone; he had lost that first wild ecstasy, but not regretfully, for "other gifts" had come to take its place, "abundant recompense," and he learned

*To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue.*

Nor was this his only compensation. He not only had the chastening power of thought, but also its uplifting power. And another, purer rapture came to replace what was lost. Spiritual and sensual joined forces and led him to an intuitive knowledge of

*A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.*

As a moral guide, too, nature played an important rôle in Wordsworth's life. In nature and the "language of the sense" he found

... the nurse
*The guide, the guardian of my heart and soul
Of all my moral being.*

He took from these rather than from dogma his concept of right and wrong. Nature was to him a kind of second conscience, and he firmly believed that

*One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can.*

He found in nature a source of that "emotion recollected in tranquillity," which is the inspiration of so much of his poetry. The pleasure he drew from the mere physical perception of beautiful things was not transient; it was not just a momentary apprehension of beauty, gone when the object that gave him pleasure no longer appeared to his senses. On the contrary, it was a lasting joy to be called up before the mind at will. He drank in the beauty of the moment

*... not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years.*

But Wordsworth is at his best when the beauties of nature move him to a transcendental ecstasy. Though he never reaches the sublime transports of Shelley, or even the unstudied rapture of Coleridge, in such moments he shakes off the labored, earthy, almost plodding spirit that makes such things as "To A Skylark" seem forced and uninspired, and rises to the heights of poetic expression. In the lines "Composed On An Evening Of Extraordinary Splendor" his inspiration is a natural scene, but he transcends the physical, and it is the spirit that breathes through the evening—the spirit that animates Nature to which he writes:

*... From thee if I would swerve
Oh, let thy grace remind me of the light
Full early lost and fruitlessly deplored;
Which at this moment on my waking sight
Appears to shine, by miracle restored;
My soul, though yet confined to earth
Rejoices in a second birth!*

Ruth Petersen '38

Old Grad

Matthew Fellowes peered at himself above the crack in the mirror and carefully brushed his hair to hide a thin spot at the crown. He fingered his dull tie regretfully. He would have preferred the blue one—his university color—but it would have drawn too much attention to the gray suit that, however carefully pressed, still showed worn and fraying edges. A sigh of resignation escaped him as he carefully replaced the blue tie and stepped back to survey himself as fully as the small mirror would allow. The years had been kind to Matthew if fortune had not—except for those slightly stooped shoulders and a general air of timidity he was not unlike the Matthew of twenty years ago. His figure was still slim, his mousy hair showed no signs of gray, and the short-sighted light blue eyes retained the same boyish good humor that had attracted people to him in his undergraduate days. But Matthew was vaguely unsatisfied. The stamp of success was lacking in his appearance and it had caused him numberless hours of vacillation before he finally persuaded himself to undertake the present trip. The twentieth reunion of the class of '17 was a great occasion, worthy to be graced by men of name and position. Matthew, after twenty years, still commanded both the title and salary of assistant bookkeeper. He had been honor man in '17, but in an age of aggressive business methods Matthew's gentler tactics were unequal to the struggle, and he had quietly acquiesced. Up to now he had not minded his shabbiness, but now it became a stigma that he felt sure his classmates could not overlook or forgive. What right had an honor man to be content with a mean position and a niggardly income? Thus he had reasoned before, and now as he turned and picked up his hat he was filled with the same forebodings of failure. He picked up his bag and descended the dark stairs of the most respectable boarding house where he lodged. Mrs. Heuber, the landlady, emerged from the parlor just as he reached the landing. Matthew wanted to turn back, but she had seen him so he was forced to meet her.

Mrs. Heuber leaned on her broom and nodded her dust-capped head at him in the friendly inquisitive way of her kind. "Ah, so you're off," she said. "You've lovely weather for your trip. Now do have a nice time, won't you?" She seemed fearful that Mr. Fellowes, who was "such a gentleman," might not know how to have a good time.

"Yes—oh, thank you, I shall, Mrs. Heuber," Matthew replied mechanically. He looked at her suspiciously for a moment and then hurried away. Could she possibly have suspected his destination? He had done his best to deceive her and save his pride. Mrs. Heuber could never have identified a Phi Beta Kappa and a middle-aged clerk in the person of Mr. Matthew Fellowes. Matthew knew her good opinion of him, and it pleased him to keep it.

It was nearly ten o'clock when he descended from the day coach to the small wooden station platform. He was grateful for the darkness that hid his obvious nervousness from a crowd of undergraduates who had gathered at the station to get a look at these "old grads." Matthew hurried up Orchard Street to his old frat house. When he reached the porch he stopped for a minute to smooth his tie and square his stooping shoulders. While he hesitated, the strains of a sentimental college song floated out to him. He smiled a bit uncertainly and pushed in the door. The song burst loudly on his

ears and clouds of acrid smoke rushed to the open door. Matthew stood shyly in the doorway surveying a room that was crowded with middle-aged men, all singing lustily.

By chance a man across the room happened to look up, and he grinned in recognition. "Hey there, Pop Fellowes," he called as he crossed the room and extended his hand. "Say, it's good to see you after all these years." He looked around him, "Hey, Tom, Jim, look who's here. You remember Pop Fellowes." He dragged him over to a crowd of men grouped around a battered old piano.

The piano player turned around to greet Matthew. "Hi there, Pop. Say—you haven't changed a bit—same old Pop." And thus the conventional and time-honored greetings ran on, and under their influence Pop blossomed. His smile expanded; he was among old friends. When the songs were exhausted and the unending flow of reminiscences had begun, Matthew sat back, flushed and happy with the success of his entrance.

Suddenly, at the end of a particularly tall story, someone near him said, "Say, Pop, tell us about the time you stole the Bible from the chapel." A wave of laughter greeted the suggestion. They had all heard the story before, but it was still a good one.

"Sure, come on, Pop," Tom egged him on. An audience of sympathetic listeners encouraged him to start, and soon his tongue was loosened and began to pick up its old art of storytelling. In his day Pop had been no mean raconteur, and the appreciative chuckles that rewarded his sallies told him that he had not forgotten his old magic.

Two days later Matthew swung off the train and started down the street toward Mrs. Heuber's. There was a new briskness in his stride, a new assurance in the way he held his head. At the corner he stopped to buy a bunch of lilacs from an old man. He smiled to himself. It was a long time since he had brought flowers to a woman. He wondered what Mrs. Heuber would say when he gave them to her.

It was an astonished Mrs. Heuber who looked from a bunch of lilacs in her hand to Matthew's retreating figure as he climbed the stairs. Alone in his room he whistled tunelessly as he unpacked his bag. When all his things were disposed of he took from the bottom of the bag a neatly folded blue pennant, and with the air of one who has a definite plan to execute he pinned it in a conspicuous place over his desk. With the same determination he rummaged in the back of his closet and brought forth a smoking jacket that had seen better days. He smiled a bit wryly as he slipped it on and stood in front of the mirror tying the blue tie that had been discarded a few days ago. Matthew stood for a moment surveying the effect. Evidently he was satisfied, for he sank down in his chair and lit his pipe with the air of a man at peace with himself and the world. He sat quietly reviewing the events of the past few days until his pipe burned down and then he knocked it out and prepared to go to bed. Automatically, he went to his desk to turn the leaf of his calendar. Suddenly a thought seemed to amuse him, for he laughed softly as he picked up a pencil and wrote across the old page: "If this be treason . . ."

Helen Regan '38

To a Subway Vendor

He stands there, slouching against the rail
by the stairs which lead down, down
into dirty, musty passageways, called
a subway.

He cries, he shouts raucously at each
passerby, "Daffodils . . . daffodils,
a nickel a dozen . . . get 'em while you
can . . . jest fi' cents . . . get 'em while
you can."

He takes your nickel in his grimy hand with
bitten nails and slips it greedily
into the pocket of his filthy trousers,
before he even counts out your
paid-for flowers.

Then he picks them out of a messy cardboard
box four or five at a time till there
are twelve in the bunch, and then he
twists crumpled tissue paper about them
and thrusts them at you with a grunt.

Who is he?
Who is he
that he dares to sell
God's daffodils
at a nickel a dozen!

Angeline Leibinger '38

A Word for Popular Music

In high school, whenever we were "stuck" for an oral English topic or an editorial for the school paper, someone always dusted off that old favorite, *Is Jazz Music?* Amid a volley of overworked adjectives and exclamation points, we decided once and for all that jazz most certainly was not music. Having settled the issue to the great edification of our teacher, we thereupon went home and listened to Cab Calloway while our homework remained undone.

But the years have brought wisdom—or possibly honesty. For now I freely admit that I think jazz is music. Perhaps I am taking an unfair advantage of my high-school friends, because I suppose I do not really mean jazz. I mean popular music as we understand the term when we refer to the ordinary radio program. This does not include at the one extreme the current "swing" craze nor at the other extreme those compositions which have already become classics in our own day—Stravinsky's *Firebird Suite* or Debussy's *Afternoon of a Faun*, for example. These latter, written along a more serious and classical motif, demand a technical knowledge which I do not possess. In between these two extremes, however, there is a great deal which we dismiss as popular, but which is really artistic in a certain sense.

Everybody's favorite, of course, is Cole Porter. For audacious rhyme schemes, Mr. Porter is, in his own language, "the top." One of the best examples of his use of intricate rhyming (very much like Ogden Nash's crazy verse) is in that frothy concoction, "You're the Top." If you don't think it's difficult to match things like Mona Lisa and the tower of Pisa, and to cover a range of subjects wide enough to include a Shakespeare sonnet and a Mickey Mouse, then you have never tried to write a parody. I did, and the best I could muster up was "a tale by Runyon" and a "Bermuda onion." The imitations, need I add, never even approach the original. "I Get a Kick Out of You" is another of Porter's grand light numbers. The rhythm in it is a continual surprise; the lines always turn out a little longer than you expected—once again like Ogden Nash. It's like hearing a new tune every time.

But his loveliest number thus far is "Night and Day." Somehow, in some quite indefinable way, Cole Porter has managed to permeate the whole song with that very "haunting" note. The "beat beat heat of the tom-tom" becomes an actuality. For sheer creation of atmosphere, "Night and Day" is unrivalled.

There are many who would not include George Gershwin among the composers of "popular" music. It is true, of course, that some of his best work lifts him out of the popular group to the more definitely classical, things like his *American in Paris*. However, his range is so wide that he may be admitted into practically any musical group. Some of his work while truly artistic, as for example his "Rhapsody in Blue," is as well known to the radio public as any swing song. The score from *Porgy and Bess* achieved a definite popularity last summer and one was likely to hear "I Got Plenty of Nuthin'" and "Summertime" at a mere twist of the dial. It seems to me that this score from *Porgy and Bess* is one of the finest interpretations of the negro life in America that we have, surpassing even Stephen Foster's interpretation. Gershwin has managed to include the whole negro spirit—the carefree acceptance of life, the preoccupation with simple things, the free and easy philosophy of Catfish Row. At the

same time he has succeeded in omitting the sentimentality that is intrinsic in Foster's work.

Last summer I attended an all-Gershwin concert at the Lewisohn Stadium. Mr. Gershwin himself played the "Rhapsody in Blue." It was remarkable to watch the audience: everyone was intensely conscious of the rhythm, swaying ever so slightly and humming inaudibly. The whole mood of the music transferred itself to the audience. While Mr. Gershwin was playing it began to rain, but no one stirred. Many persons had brought umbrellas but none were opened. After he had finished the crowd stood in the rain for several minutes, applauding in pure appreciation. I should like to have been George Gershwin on that night.

There are isolated songs, too, with which we have become familiar, that deserve to be classified as music. There is a medley which, while already well known, gained added fame because of Glen Gray's adaptation. The medley includes "Sophisticated Lady," "Stardust" and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." I don't particularly care for "Sophisticated Lady," but that may be a family prejudice—my cousin, a saxophone player in the making, uses it as his theme song. Too much of anything is still too much. But the other two are lovely. I always think of them in connection with diaphanous evening gowns, long curly eyelashes, thin wisps of cigarette smoke, the Persian Room, a Russian countess. . . . Yet they are none the less enchanting for their artificial setting.

Among the musical shows that have offered very fine scores as their contribution to our musical library we have *New Moon*, *Rio Rita*, *Hit the Deck*, *No, No, Nanette!* and, of course, the incomparable *Show Boat*. The "Ol' Man River" from *Show Boat* is another fine interpretation of American negro life. What Gershwin has done for Catfish Row, Kern has done for life along the Mississippi. Words and music combine to suggest the philosophy that is part and parcel of American river life. In much the same manner, Ferde Grofe's *Grand Canyon Suite* suggests that vastness and freedom that we associate with the West. It is as exhilarating as reading a chapter from Hamlin Garland or Willa Cather. As you listen to the first part of the suite, "On the Trail," you can almost hear hoofbeats and you fancy yourself following a winding trail. Even the strident voice of the radio announcer calling for a popular cigarette cannot take the sound of the hoofbeats out of your ears.

I once heard a famous Jesuit discussing modern music, and he admitted that he did have a quarrel with it. He said that much of it does appeal to that which is base and elemental in our nature; that it is very closely allied at times to the savage and uncivilized music of the barbarian. But, he added, there is something to be said in favor of our modern music. It has rhythm—rhythm that is compelling and joyous and alive. Perhaps I might have confined my "word" in praise of modern music to that one point: it has got rhythm. And who *could* ask for anything more?

Katherine Shea '38



S O P H O M O R E S



Sophomore Class

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MARGARET BERKERY

Vice-President

DOROTHY IRVING

Secretary

GERALDINE DONNELLY

Treasurer

MARGERY PHILLIPS

Councilor

HAZEL O'CONNELL

To the world in general the months rolled along as usual, and September was just one of them, but to us it was a momentous occasion. On the twenty-first of that month we experienced a warm satisfying feeling on our return to St. Joseph's College.

To follow tradition we hazed the Freshmen, but we could not long maintain that attitude. In fact, the first few weeks back, some of us, not yet accustomed to being called "Sophomores," found ourselves attending Freshman class meetings.

On November the third our hearts were saddened at the news of the tragic death of Kathryn Cross. Kitty was one of the most popular and outstanding girls in our



class and her place can never be filled. In our hearts she will remain always a member of the class of '39.

As enthusiastic Sophs, Arleen Andersen and Jane Walsh made the Varsity Basketball. Through the leadership of Janet Lewis, the students of the college witnessed the arrival of a fencing team.

Since we achieved the dignified standing of Sophomores we have been consulted regarding important matters of college administration. Who can forget Grace Seims as U. A. treasurer? Marion Kinsley, Jean Gillespie, and Birdie Antonades have been selected to represent us on the Exam Committee; Alda Giardinere and Mary Concannon on the Attendance Committee; and Miriam Lally and Margery Phillips on the Point System Committee.

Bea Hunkele as treasurer of the Dramatic Society, Eleanor van Wagner as secretary of the History Club, and Mary Kane as treasurer of A. A., have distinguished themselves. Replete with talent, the Sophomores have made themselves famous at St. Joseph's theater. Ursula Reilly, Ann Brady, Marie Gough and Madeline Warganz are our class dramatists.

With Ruth McManus as chairman, Sophomore Class Day was successful and well planned. We have tried to maintain the reputation St. Joseph's College has earned.

Geraldine Donnelly '39

Via Media

The advances made by science in this ultramodern age have quickened, in a certain sense, the tempo of our living and forced men to lay stress upon what is immediate rather than upon what is important. The man who considers gravely the possible ultimate consequences of a present act is a rare individual, but the world is in dire need of such rare persons, for the social problems of today and of tomorrow can only be solved by deep-thinking men.

The progress of nations through the ages seems to prove irrefutably that it is the nature of nations that they be reared by men, that they be loved by men, and ultimately that they be destroyed by men. This is akin to saying that men grow tired of thinking and of watching and of planning for a day other than their own and for the good of persons other than themselves. But "when the journey's over there'll be time enough to sleep." While we are living *de facto* we act, and, no matter how narrow our vision, the only profitable *modus operandi* has an eye on the road behind and an eye on the road ahead.

If there is any lesson to be drawn from a view of the road behind, a road strewn with relics of fallen nations, it can best be drawn from the one civilization which included and blended into one whatever was of lasting value in all the cultures of antiquity. This civilization was, of course, the Roman.

The glorious civic pride which sustained Rome throughout so many centuries of trial and which, when forgotten, brought disaster, was born of the proposition that law is the basis of true liberty. The glory of Rome—and we must be careful to distinguish Rome's glory from the grandeur with which she has been gilded by the romantic historian—is a testimony to the truism that what men call liberty or freedom presupposes limitation or restraint. Liberty without limitation or freedom without restraint is a nonentity, a contradiction in terms. On the other hand, restraint presupposes freedom, limitation presupposes liberty. In any society of men a recognized balance between the two must be preserved and just so long will a nation endure.

In our so-called "land of the free" men have been apt to forget the universal validity of the balance between freedom and restraint. The merchant has demanded a wider application of the system of *laissez faire*; the teacher has demanded a much-heralded academic freedom for himself and has advocated the depriving of education of its normative qualities; the philosopher has demanded a freedom of thought which leads to nowhere. Recently men have begun to have some realization of the folly of undue freedom, and the forces of reaction have set the pendulum swinging back toward the other extremity of needless restriction. There is an immediate danger in the probability of our going too far in this direction. True progress does not consist in jumping from one extreme to another but lies somewhere along the *via media*, and when a nation has learned to follow this path then only will its land be peopled by "Rich men in virtue, studying beautifulness: living at peace in their houses."

Jane Walsh '39

Once Upon a Time

For hundreds of years the minds of children have been entertained by imaginative tales and perhaps for hundreds of years more they will continue to welcome these stories just as eagerly.

The more adventurous the story, the more rapt will be the interested attention. If we improvise on H. G. Wells's ingenuity and skip a few years—backwards—and if we go about the matter logically, we hope to prove that animal stories held our attention until the giants and fairies came, who in turn were followed by knights in armor.

Those three little kittens who couldn't decide about their mittens were long-standing favorites. I can still picture the three little pigs—two of them singing and dancing while the third was busy with his I-told-you-so air as he cemented his bricks. This, in some incoherent way, reminds me of the Tar Baby. I can't remember the story but I do remember that for weeks I mourned the poor creature, who, be he fox or what have you, finally became affiliated with the tar in quite a big way. The Easter season always called for Peter Rabbit, who loved carrots and cabbage too much.

I think I'll skip the giants with nary a word, because the only one I remember is from "Jack and the Beanstalk" and everybody knows him anyway.

"Once there was a noble knight in glistening armor clad, and upon his steed arayed . . ." Stories that began thus could even reconcile me to chocolate ice cream instead of the preferred vanilla. I've had my fill of St. Georges, Lancelots and Galahads with their Elaines and Guineveres. And A. A. Milne's other side of the picture, in his "The Knight Whose Armor Didn't Squeak," always struck the right balance. You see, I have kept the fairy stories until last; they always appealed to me most. My curiosity about the fairies never seemed quite satisfied. I finally pictured them as small mysterious beings who carried wands which sometimes had stars on them. But as for the rest, my imagination supplied the details. As I look back now, I can recall my favorite version of fairyland.

There was a beautiful garden which seemed isolated from the rest of the world. Refreshing pine, sturdy oak, stately birches and graceful willows outlined the lake which shone silver by the light of the moon. A circular flower bed close to the water's edge contained every shade of the rainbow from palest gold to deepest purple. This little section of nowhere knew no change of season; it was always as fresh as winter, as young as spring, as vibrant as summer and as lovely as autumn. Each midnight as the moon rose, the garden became a symbol of silver splendor. A strange bird's song hailed the arrival of the fairies. Music came from the tiny silver bells in their hair, about their arms and necks and in the folds of their dresses. The hair and dresses of the fairies seemed to be woven of the moonlight itself. They crooned softly, and if one cared to listen, their whisperings told a hundred things. And there by the edge of the lake, the little people sang and danced until the dew and the dawn.

Elisabeth Bressi '39

Speaking to Our Elders

You call us the postwar generation. Today the term is synonymous with "problem," but we are more than a mere problem. We have exceeded the bounds within which problems are studied. We can no longer be relegated to statistics, nor dosed with a common remedy of society, nor discussed in the pages of a wise man's book. Our conditions are too complex to be treated collectively. Only our outlook defines us; we ourselves are a disorganized body that aches in many parts, and we must bear examination if we are to work out our cure.

First of all there is the question of our numbers. In America alone, we are countless. You see us everywhere. In the more fortunate strata we are crowding your schools because there is no work outside. In lesser spheres we are even more numerous. We form a good part of your breadlines; we dig your ditches, work your mines, clerk your offices; and, backed by the practical philosophy that "a fellow must live," many of us are riding your freight trains, hobo style. In the East we pick berries in the country or shovel snow in the city for the winter. In the South we sweat on your share-cropper farms and smile sardonically at a myth about a man named Lincoln. In the West the face of a drought-ridden soil gapes up at us as we turn it under our plow. No region of America is without us; we form a major part of her vast population.

On the whole we are a self-conscious group, given primarily to self-analysis and introspection. We are thinkers in a sense, pondering ourselves. When we congregate, we are our own chief topic of discussion. We argue our chances or the lack of them; we question the soundness of a system that apparently ignores us; we talk of measures, reform, action, but we do nothing. When we write, we throw our own shadows into black print. Our literature is realistic, perhaps drably so, but it is our propaganda. When we attend lectures, we want to hear ourselves discussed; we want to listen again to those phrases, "youth must be hopeful," "youth needs guidance," and to that slogan about something, we know not what, that is "just around the corner."

This self-consciousness is especially evident in our colleges and universities, where we try to find the solutions to our problems in lecture rooms and study halls. All too often these proffered solutions are only shallow theories, verging on radicalism of a most pessimistic sort. Far from aiding us, they tend to make us critics of the past and preachers of a reformed present. They are a menace to ideals of liberty and democracy, and are based on false interpretations of history and on the materialistic philosophies of radical social economists. Impractical though they are, they play hard upon our discontent. Because the right has weakened, we are prone to lean toward the left. We cannot see the good points of the old as we cannot see the bad points of the new. We are blinded by the puzzle before us, but somehow we are moved more by impatience than by conviction. While time may temper our enthusiasm, our radical groups will not be silenced until conservatism has again found itself and adjusted its economic systems.

Although many of you are studying our conditions with a view to their improvement, your conclusions are essentially the same. We must be given counsel, recreational advantages, training for practical work and general moral guidance. All these are, in a sense, merely suggestions, for the actual solution lies with us. We are burdens to ourselves in our idleness and in our inability to act constructively. The pang of wanting

what we cannot have is a major complaint of many of us. Primarily we want work. We want to feel the stability and the freedom that comes with a job. Most of us want luxuries as well, and we resent the system that would deny them to us. We want a small income, but one generous enough to allow us to pay for our amusements and to meet our emergencies. Surely in all the wealth of this land that portion, at least, belongs to us.

One of our greatest needs at present is a sane perseverance in which pessimism has no place. We must hold fast to our ideals, for there is reason to support them; we must not relinquish our stubborn claim against this hoarding universe. If we knock hard enough, the doors will open.

And until that time, what have we to sustain us? Merely our outlook. It is optimistic, for dreams still hold a place in our schemes, but our optimism has been tempered by past disappointments and the prospect of future trials. Our hopes have been bridled by realities and a very slight tinge of resentment. They are not stifled, however, they are merely stabilized. We have not lost our inherent belief in the ultimate adjustment of things, nor have we forgotten that seeds bear fruit. And once our seeds take firm root in the soil, we, too, shall reap a full harvest of the good earth.

Maureen Riordan '39

Revery

June, how it could coax you out of doors
To watch it paint a sunset in the sky,
To see the purple, orange and the gold
Fading in the west; how reverently
You gazed up at the quiet, distant hills
And felt their kinship, loved their silences,
Their nearness to the clouds; and how the wind
Would tell you of the presence of a flower;
How you smiled as every scent revealed
Secrets of the closing twilight hour;
And how you loved the patterns in the trees
Woven of shade and branch and clustered leaves.

So long ago that was, but you remember
Though you have fled all seasons, June again
Can lure you with a sunset; and I know
That at this hour, too sacrosanct for talking,
When day holds solemn vespers in the sky,
And evening steals aloft to sanctify,
In some enchanted forest you are walking.

Maureen Riordan '39



F R E S H M E N



Freshman Class

President

Vice-President

Secretary

Treasurer

Councilor

ANITA LOPEZ

ROSE TEHAN

HELEN BYRNE

DOROTHY WHITE

DORIS WHELAN

College days! The hazy dreams of childhood clear into more definite goals. Such were our sentiments when the sacred portals of Saint Joseph's were drawn aside, and, flushed with the new-won laurels of high school, we rather boldly entered.

We were fascinated by our first taste of college life, with a tea given in our honor, and the solicitude of our Junior sisters that we become properly acquainted with the college, until——

We were brought back to earth suddenly by the stern edicts of those cruel Sophs who prescribed hair ribbons and hibs. We wore them bravely for a week during which it seemed our sole purpose was to amuse the upperclassmen.

Upon the completion of our two weeks' course in Freshman Education we were



given an examination in the Handbook, and fearfully we watched the bulletin board for the results which, thank heaven, never appeared.

Possibly our first great thrill came the day we were invested in the cap and gown. On that day we appreciated, at last, the dignity we had been looking for in our new life.

It was through the medium of clubs that we really became an integral part of St. Joseph's. To prove our versatility we were represented in every activity. Two of our members, Anne Hyland and Helen Skead, were selected for the Varsity.

Our first class meetings were directed by Betty Humann, whom we wish to thank here for so ably guiding us until we elected our own officers in December '36.

To further cement the friendships which we had made during the year our class participated in an extremely successful class day, one to be long remembered. The thanks for this is due to Jeanne Gorman, chairman, who planned and carried out our day's activity. We attended holy Mass in a body, after which breakfast was served in the college. That evening we went to a theater party.

In April '37 we experienced the pleasure of seeing our class banner raised in the "rec," a reminder that a year had slipped by almost unrealized.

We Freshmen are now real members of the student body of St. Joseph's College and look forward to the next step—being Sophomores.

Helen Byrne '40

Silence

Dear, there has grown between us day by day
A silence like the breathless pause of night;
Our thoughts meet in some secret place; our words
Have fled like birds to wonders out of sight.
My eager throbbing heart cries out to you;
With lips that move with words unsaid, I go;
I turn my head, because my eyes tell tales,
And yet, my dear, I almost think you know.

I cannot speak! See how the cliff drops down
To meet the sea, and leaves us here above.
In isolation, see the boundless stretch
Of lonely ocean, infinite as love.
The sun is gone from view, his heart is hid
But clouds reveal him by their radiant glow.
I had thought to hide my heart—its fire
Would not be veiled. And now, at last, you know!

Marie Birmingham '40

Keats

O dreamer of the dreams of ancient Greece,
Your life was but a fantasy of night,
You never knew the dawn of perfect peace
And yet the night sky lent you light.
You caught the music of the classic spheres,
The magic of the misty, fertile fall.
You set them to the ecstasy of tears,
With melancholy you enveiled them all.

You sang of beauty—Venus held her breath;
You sang of life and life was raptured art.
Your hands were stretched for love—and met young death,
Reluctant fame illumined your still heart.
The laurels fell on your dead brow—too late—
But the contentment of your look was great.

Marie Birmingham '40

Collectomaniacs

In the spring, with other contagious and dangerous diseases, comes the annual house cleaning. With it, too, comes a rearrangement of, and in some cases a decrease in, the respective "collections" of each member of the family.

Almost invariably Mother's collection consists of a neat group of baby booties, snapshots and christening caps. These are frequently drawn out of their retirement to convince people that Junior, quarterback on his college team, was once a beautiful little baby. The collection is a relatively permanent one, being ended only when, as he is sure to do, Junior marries someone of whom Mother does not approve. We can therefore pass over Mother's collection with little thought and concentrate on the less permanent collections.

Nuts, bolts, screws, hinges, nails—all form part of Father's collection, rivaling local hardware stores in the variety of its contents. One month there may be a definite trend toward bolts, but the next month nails will be the thing, especially if a new house is being built in the neighborhood. As for the more intellectual part of his collection, now it is an accumulation of the "best works of literature" procured by cutting coupons from daily newspapers, and again it is radios or home and farm magazines. His collection is definitely opposed to Mother's because of its practical and untidy nature.

In some secluded closet one may always find an odd assortment of what is usually referred to as "junk"; this is the collection of the small boy. Airplanes and soldiers are scattered among the other things, having been thrown there after an important battle. In a corner the inevitable bag of marbles may be seen. A collection of pistols which would put any gangster to shame is in evidence. Scattered about are the large toys which are so frequently forgotten within a week after Christmas and are in an unrecognizable state by Easter.

Tall, short, light, dark—all are represented in the young man's collection of pictures. These form the greater part of his pile of treasures and are produced on all occasions to "show the boys the kind of women" he can get. Pipes, too, are his silent testimony that he is no longer a child but a man. Holly leaves and yellow streamers evidence the fact that he is a perennial "decoration-tearer-downer."

The young girl—here we meet our final and most disturbing problem, for her collection is diverse and inexplicable. First, there is her makeup: an array of lipstick, nail polish, eye shadow, mascara, rouge, powder, half of which has never been used and three-quarters of which will never be used again. Next, there is her mass of letters neatly filed according to person, time, or some other suitable classification. Dance programs and souvenirs occupy a small box occasionally disturbed by a new addition to its contents. Her diary, because of the numerous pictures, ticket stubs and theater programs preserved therein, occupies no small part in her collection. Lastly, we find, carefully pressed, the corsages from various formals, which she firmly vows to save for either one of two occasions: showing them to her grandchildren or meditating on them when she settles down to spinsterhood.

We might coin a name for it—collectomania; but the cure evades all study.

Harriett Bodemer '40

London in the Nineteenth Century

"I would live in London, shirtless, bookless . . ." wrote Charles Lamb. To this very loyal Londoner is also credited the enthusiastic boast that "London is the only fostering soil of genius."

With all due respect to Lamb—and London—we object to the word "only." However, it is true that during his age most of the famous writers came to live in the great metropolis if they had not been born there.

Although these men did not share Lamb's exalted opinion of London, practically all of them loved the place dearly, proof of which is seen in their writings. The very atmosphere of the "nation of London," as De Quincey called it, abounds in the literature of the time.

And it is to Charles Lamb, "the staunchest Londoner of them all" that we first turn to see this.

"I don't care much if I never see a mountain," Lamb said in a letter to Wordsworth. "I have passed all my days in London until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of your mountaineers could have done with dead Nature." And another time: "Oh, never let the lying poets be believed who 'tice men from the cheerful haunts of streets . . ."

Through the streets of London he takes us—Fleet Street, the Temple, Christ's Hospital. The city in all its aspects was a source of inspiration to him, but particularly he loved "the huge fermenting mass of humankind." Many times he "shed tears in the motley Strand for fulness of joy at so much life."

In direct contrast is Wordsworth, to whom the hum of the city was torture. But when the streets were empty and "the tide of life was still" we have him producing such deeply stirring sentiments as the lines upon Westminster Bridge.

*This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning . . .*

How different are his feelings toward London in another poem entitled "London 1802." There is no love expressed but rebellion against the materialism to which London had come. "We are selfish men . . ." he criticizes sharply.

Another who shared with Wordsworth a deep hatred for the city was Lord Byron, who found it a desert of strangers in which society was too often "more painful than solitude." It was more or less a spasm of respectability which caused London society to so completely ostracize the young noble because of the notoriety of his marital troubles. Byron's later writings were immensely influenced by this treatment. In *Don Juan* he bitterly satirizes aristocratic society giving vent to his earlier feelings. To Tom Moore, a very dear friend, he wrote: "You live near the *stove* of society, where you are unavoidably influenced by its heat and vapours. I did so once—and too much—and enough to colour my whole future existence."

And there are other examples, too numerous to explain, which illustrate the influence of London in English literature, but we must not forget Leigh Hunt who so vividly pictures life among the lower classes. In his *Autobiography*, he describes Christ's Hospital with all its human qualities. We read of one preacher "who had a habit of

dipping up and down over his book like a chicken drinking" and another "with sort of a high, flat voice who had a remarkable way of making a ladder of it."

His shorter essays provide a very realistic view of the city. Passing through London with him, we see butcher stores and fishmongers with "their blood-dropping sheep and their crimped cod." Or we meet some night watchmen on the way to work who, Hunt says, had a "claim on the people indoors which, together with the amplitude of their coating, make them feel themselves, not without reason, to be 'somebody.'" It is these delightful word pictures of London's ordinary people and places that make Hunt so valuable to the student of social history.

Dickens—what a fascinating teacher of social history! *Nicholas Nickleby* for the educational problem; *Little Dorrit* for the evils of the prison system; or *Hard Times* for the factory system—in all these novels we read about London. There is no great English writer who has more completely woven London into his work than Charles Dickens. It is a London he learned to know from actual experience, a painful, humiliating experience which he never forgot even in the days of his greatest triumphs. The London of his novels is this London of his boyhood.

As a child, during his father's imprisonment, Dickens worked there in a factory pasting labels on blackening bottles for approximately one dollar and fifty cents a week. Here he obtained a background for his later work, such as *Little Dorrit*, a study revealing the sufferings of the London poor and the terrors of debtors' prison. At fifteen he was working in a law office at Gray's Inn, which he later described as "that stronghold of melancholy, one of the most depressing institutions in brick and mortar known to the children of men." Or again in *Bleak House* Dickens writes that the best time to introduce us to the chancery courts was in the "implacable November weather" when "the raw afternoon is rawest and the dense fog is densest, and the muddy streets are muddier, where at the very heart of the fog sits the Lord High Chancellor."

The system of the London courts was very hateful to Dickens. In his various works there are over fifty scenes in chambers and halls of lawyers. Many of the social conditions against which he wrote were corrected because of the vigor of his attacks.

And so we see that it is through the world of literature, as well as in the old houses and literary shrines for which London is so famous, that we can bring back the past of this romantically human city.

Eileen Eichell '40

Brief Interlude

There is some indefinable quality contained in the abstract which will always attract and arouse the human intellect. With such an unlimited scope the mind is able to transcend the barriers of specific detail and hover over the broader realms of random considerations. Writers of no great experience are warned against the use of the abstract in their works because too often the freedom of expression which it offers leads one to overstep the limits of conventional form. Aware of all these facts and mindful of that oft-repeated expression, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," I stand unabashed, ready to plunge into a world of unreality.

Perhaps it would not be inappropriate at this point to distinguish between the two spheres under consideration. The first, surveyed with brevity, may be described as the region in which we live, the practical portion of our lives, utilizing physical and mental capabilities to further general well-being. The second sphere interesting us at present is the realm of the imagination or that place relying for its existence almost entirely on the transient activities of the mind. Here we are permitted to release the taut strings of suppressed emotion and wander in a labyrinth of unbridled fantasy.

Momentarily forgetting the first commonplace things, let us drift, in willful reverie, upon the soothing waters of the river Lethe, our quest, this intangible land of unreality. Somewhere countless miles ahead it stands separated and aloof, enveloped in an opalescent mist. The sun, beating down in all the intensity of a noonday glare, has ripped the misty cloak protecting it into a myriad of silken threads. On the breath of a light breeze these reluctantly unravel and drift over the water to be reflected like lacy wraiths in its gleaming depths. As we move closer a great bird plunges through the air, rising in sweeping arcs above the highest treetops. Its appearance seems to strike a familiar note somewhere within us as we recall "At length did come an Albatross, through the fog it came." Coleridge, too, found inspiration here in the bewitching atmosphere of the unreal. Before him Cowper, the mad poet, describes his departure from the ordinary in the words, "I was a stricken deer that left the herd long since," and William Blake gives voice to a happier transition in the mystical theme of his *Songs of Innocence*—

*And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love.*

Our thoughts are interrupted by the jarring of the boat as it scrapes against the shore. From the bright haze before us figures suddenly emerge, moving about in an iridescent glow. On more interested scrutiny they appear to be shadowy counterparts of ourselves, living apart in an ideal state of Utopian harmony. All endeavors to contact them prove futile for, totally oblivious of any foreign presence, they continue to carry on their invisible duties, each contributing to the general air of harmony.

At length, wearied by the failure of our efforts to establish communication, we settle back to let sight fill in the gaps which sound has left unanswered. Even here our expectations are blasted, for the luminous glow of a moment before is fading with the sinking sun, and the stray wisps of fog have blended once again into a heavy mist. For a moment we cast one last look upon the scene and suddenly the darkness is complete and we return.

Doris Whelan '40

Autumn Interlude

Gosh! but this is the life! Strutting down a shady lane with Dan makes a dog feel pretty great!

The shooting was good today too! We certainly were lucky, stumbling upon that nest of pheasants. They couldn't get away from Dan. He brought down three fat ones for me to bring back. I enjoy that part of the sport. They feel warm and soft and have a queer heavy odor about them. That smell will always remind me of joyous days in the field. All in all . . . Hold on! Dan is stopping. Guess he's going to rest for awhile.

It's fine to lie close beside a good master. His hand is hard, yet kindly on my head. I wonder if he'd mind if I kissed him. Nothing like trying—

Crack!

Run, dog, run! Dan will certainly be angry about this. He *told* you never to jump around guns. Oh well! Buck up and go back and take your medicine like a real dog. I guess he's not so angry after all. He's stretched out there on the grass as if he hadn't a care in the world.

My, but it's quiet here in the country. Come on, Dan, let's go. Why doesn't he move? . . . Even poking him with my nose doesn't do any good. Guess I might as well lie down next to him; he feels a little cold. Funny thing too—he smells a little like the pheasants do when I bring them back. . . .

Helen Rochford '40

Conformity

He could hear them talking about him as he neared the end of the high wooden boards that semicircled the lot. Snatches of sentences came to him: "He doesn't call her mother . . . he must be an orphan . . . he calls her Stella . . ." The abruptness of the thoughts made him only semiconscious of their meaning. It was like a program someone put on the radio. He couldn't help hearing it, but the words sounded meaningless.

They were still jabbering when he came into their sight. His presence startled them, for they weren't sure whether he had heard or not. Finally he broke the silence with a curt "Hello." Someone returned his greeting. It sounded flat and dry. Another stillness followed.

Then one, who wanted to show the others how daring he was, questioned, "Why do you call your mother Stella?" Unexpected in its bluntness, the question cramped his mind. The other boy, spurred on by this seeming bashfulness, queried, "You're adopted, aren't you?"

Vivified by this thrust, words tripped over themselves running from his mouth. "No, I'm not adopted, Stella's my mother. I call her Stella 'cause I like to—'cause I want to. I'm always gonna call her Stella, always, always, always—" And off flew Stella's child across the lot crying in his heart, "I hate them, I hate them!"

Arriving at his own door, he hesitated a moment, wiped his eyes, blew his nose, then quickly opened the door and shouted in an unnaturally gay voice, "Hello, Mother."

Virginia Owens '40



Nursery School

Within the past few years increasing stress has been placed on the need for training the body, mind and emotions of the pre-school child. It was with this end in view that the nursery school, under the supervision of trained psychologists, was founded in 1934.

Each year has been marked by improvements, the most outstanding of which has taken place during the past year. This, of course, is the acquisition of the large section of property adjoining the new building, which has been converted into a playground for the children. It is thoroughly equipped with jungle gym, slide walking beams, swings, sandbox and wheel toys, which are so essential in the child's physical development. Although provision for physical development is made in the playroom, also, in such activities as ballplaying, climbing and rhythms, most of the playthings stimulate mental activity as well. Blocks, picture books, storybooks, puzzles, paints, crayons and scissors are the chief aids to this phase of the child's growth. In all situations there is opportunity for emotional development. The impulsive are continually learning to act cautiously, while the shy quiet child is led to a livelier enjoyment of life. Early necessity for adjusting to persons of varying temperaments will equip the child for the social contacts of later life.

These are the objectives around which the daily program is built. In cases where harm cannot result from freedom the child strengthens his power of judgment by making his own decisions. Only those things are insisted upon which result in the formation of useful and timesaving habits. Before beginning the day's work, each child

must visit the nurse. After the examination the children go out to the play yard for a two-hour period of free play, which is broken by a short rest and refreshment. After the return to the nursery school an hour is devoted to painting, music, puzzles and story-books. During the lunch hour, which follows, the children indulge in conversation, and in so doing, they unconsciously form desirable social habits. Because of the great amount of energy used by young children, the early part of the afternoon is given over to resting. The remainder of the afternoon is spent in playing with blocks or dolls, until their parents call for them.

To insure a carry-over of results from the nursery school to the home, the school keeps in close contact with the parents. Conferences are held in which the parent is given information on the best method of managing her child. Detailed records of the child's progress, which are kept in the school office, are used as the basis of the regular reports sent to the home. Advice is given also on special problems with which the parent is confronted in the home and which she finds difficult to handle.

Although the development of the child is the primary aim of the nursery school, it serves also as a means of training the college student in the methods of child psychology. The courses which she takes in storytelling, play activities and direction and guidance of young children are vitalized by observation and actual assistance in the nursery school. An observation booth, sectioned off from the playroom, allows the students to watch the children without attracting their attention. Such observation gives an understanding of the significance of children's experiences and a knowledge of methods of handling children. Through this, and through actual assistance in the care of the children, the students are qualified for positions as assistants in nursery schools, kindergartens and day nurseries. The nursery school, therefore, is a means of testing the ability of those attracted to the work and desirous of doing graduate work in that field.

The nursery-school movement has passed the formative stage. What was regarded as an experiment is now recognized as the essential foundation for a happy, well-adjusted adulthood.

Ann Dolan '37

The King and Queen of Hearts were seated on their throne when they arrived, with a great crowd assembled about them—all sorts of little birds and beasts, as well as the whole pack of cards: the Knave was standing before them, in chains, with a soldier on each side to guard him; and near the King was the White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand, and a scroll of parchment in the other.

The judge, by the way, was the King; and, as he wore his crown over the wig, he did not look at all comfortable.



*STUDENT
ADMINISTRATION*



Undergraduate Association

President

GENEVIEVE WRIGHT

Vice-President

BETTY HUMANN

Secretary

NORMA STRAUS

Treasurer

GRACE SEIMS

We returned to school this year with more than the usual excitement and enthusiasm, for there were more than the usual things to be seen and enjoyed. During the summer our dreams of a campus were realized, for with the purchase of a building to be used as a convent, we were given access to the large grounds surrounding it. The new library was yet to be used and the two lunchrooms were waiting to be completed.

To carry through this idea of newness, our first social event was an innovation. A tea and reception was given to the incoming Freshmen by the Undergraduate Association, under the direction of Alice Kennedy '38. This tea replaced the numerous parties previously given to the newcomers by each class, combining them into one affair.

The new library, called Lorenzo Hall in honor of Sister Lorenzo, former registrar of the college and a person held in love and esteem by all those who knew her, was used immediately. Soon the lunchrooms, with full equipment, were completed. A sitting room was fitted out below the library and red leather furniture was bought, for our ease as well as to enhance our social events. A small theater and music room were set aside for

the use of the Dramatic Society and Glee Club. All these new improvements were shown off to advantage on Parents' Day, under the chairmanship of Isabelle Hession '37. We hope they were as impressed as we were.

Besides incorporating many of these new features, we renewed the ones begun last year. The students, at a G. A. Forum, expressed their desire to continue the use of subscription tickets. Owing to the success of last year's Fathers' Club Dance, it was repeated, with even greater enthusiasm and improvement, through the combined efforts of the Fathers' Club, Council and Religion committees. We hope it remains an established feature. When Christmas approached we continued the practice begun last year of asking Catholic Charities to give us the names of twelve needy families. Again each class provided the food, clothing, toys and trees for three of them. Having provided for the happiness of others, we were given a Christmas Party by the Undergraduate Association, under the chairmanship of Lillian Keenan '37. To top the evening, and because it was so appropriate, the members of the Glee Club and any others who were in the holiday spirit sang Christmas hymns and carols to the nuns at the convent. After accepting their invitation to see their chapel we left for the Christmas vacation.

Examinations occupied us upon our return, but soon they were over, retreat began, and the next week a new semester started. The U. A. Council entertained the February Freshmen with a tea. Alice Kennedy was again appointed chairman, and it was held in our new reception room, with the officers pouring. The "frosh" were initiated into the intricacies of the building, and the Council tried to get them as used to the college as possible before starting their classes.

Pat Billington '37 was appointed chairman of Alumnae Day. In order to celebrate the day set aside for the "grads" and to make them as welcome as possible, Father Bracken's Choir again entertained. After the concert, tea was served in the gym and the "alums" and undergraduates renewed their friendships.

The Student Association for International Peace held their Peace Conference at the college on February thirteenth. As members of the association we acted as hostesses at the luncheon given during the conference. Miss MacGillivray, president of the History Club, was chairman.

Margaret Young was appointed chairman of the Reception to High School Seniors and so in May the school was opened to those who would like to see what college is like. They were entertained by the Dramatic Society and Glee Club. We hope to see them all in the future.

It would be serious to neglect to mention our G. A. programs. They were planned by Kathleen Haigney '37 and were a pleasant combination of education and entertainment. Thank you, Kay.

Just as we began with new things, we end with the old. Graduation approached and soon the day came when we were all assembled again at the Academy of Music, waiting impatiently for the chord of music to start the march. In a little while the Seniors became graduates, and with the turning of the tassels each class moved up another step. This year will ever remain a notable one because of the inception of so many new features. We hope that we have been worthy of the responsibility placed upon us.

Norma Straus '38



Religion Committee

Chairman

MARY ELIZABETH DELANEY

Secretary

HELEN FRANCES HIGGINS

Treasurer

JEAN GRANT O'REILLY

Religion must play a prominent part in the true development of the individual personality. The practice of religion gives a spiritual and cultural background unobtainable from any other source. To make religion a part of our daily lives it is necessary to inculcate an appreciation of, and a familiarity with, its exercises. The interest thus imparted will last long after Commencement Day.

The Religion Committee of St. Joseph's College performs this service to the student body. It endeavors to interest every girl in the religious exercises of her faith and to impart a lively devotion to all. There is no suggestion of compulsion in regard to these exercises, for we believe that would defeat the end we seek.

To keep the student mindful of her Catholic heritage there are many daily acts of devotion. Morning prayers are said at eight-fifty to bless the work we are about to undertake. At twelve o'clock Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament is offered. The priests of the college give up a part of their time every day to hearing confessions.

Every First Friday, Mass is offered for the student body at eight o'clock. Breakfast is provided for those desiring it. From twelve noon to six o'clock Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament takes place. At seven-thirty begin the "Evenings with Christ." These are meetings, held expressly for the Alumnae, to which undergraduates are invited.

They show their interest by attending in large numbers. This year the meetings have started with an Open Forum conducted by the priests of the college. The topics are on timely subjects, and have provoked much discussion. Many have been aided in understanding the Catholic position on important matters of the day. Following the discussion there is a sermon; Benediction makes the fitting close of a day devoted to honoring Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

During the month of October special devotions to our Blessed Mother are practiced. To turn our minds to a contemplation of the ideal woman, the Rosary and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin are recited aloud during Benediction. The popularity of these "October Devotions" is a sufficient testimony to the position of Mary in the hearts of the students.

With the approach of Advent the Committee sponsors a Novena to the Christ Child, to prepare for the feast of Christmas. Mass is offered every morning, and the novena exercises are conducted then, and again at noon.

The last week of January is the time for the annual retreat. All Catholic students are required to attend, but we feel that they should desire to do so since they appreciate the tremendous value of this exercise. The retreat lasts for three days, and on the morning of the fourth day Mass and General Communion take place. The retreat this year was conducted by Father Favier, a Franciscan.

In February the holy season of Lent arrives. Appropriate exercises are offered by the college, to prepare for Easter. Starting on Ash Wednesday, Mass is offered every morning. Breakfast is prepared for those who receive Holy Communion. In addition to the regular Benediction every noon, Stations of the Cross are said on Mondays, and on Wednesday short Lenten Sermons are delivered by Father Dillon. The topics for the latter are from suggestions by students on matters that are of paramount importance in our present scheme of life. From the attendance at these functions it would seem that the students are deeply interested and are aware of the spiritual benefits to be derived.

The Missal Club is another activity sponsored by the Religion Committee. The use of the Missal is explained, students may bring up problems concerning it and have a solution presented, and interesting details of particular Masses are discussed. During this Lent a new custom has been inaugurated at the daily Mass. Some of the students assist at Mass, giving the responses aloud. This is to make our participation in, and appreciation of, the Sacrifice of the Mass more complete.

However, all the activities of the Religion Committee are not along these lines. They sponsor the Annual Fall Dance on Hallowe'en at the college. Mary Meehan was chairman of this year's dance, and its success was the result of her work and that of her committee. The proceeds of this dance go to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, in which every student is enrolled.

In conjunction with the Undergraduate Council, the Religion Committee sponsored an informal dance at the college January tenth. This dance was under the auspices of the Fathers' Club.

This year the Religion Committee is inaugurating an informal Spring Dance on May twenty-eighth at the college. At this writing we are looking forward to its success with high hopes.

Thus we see that religion becomes an integral part of the college student's life if she will but meet it halfway. She may take advantage of the tremendous graces of her faith so freely offered. Religion can and does develop both soul and mind to a depth of understanding and a richness of background that no one can afford to overlook.

Helen F. Higgins '38



The Attendance Committee

Chairman

MARGARET ENGLISH

Secretary

RUTH WHITBREAD

In the problem of regulating attendance at classes the students themselves are permitted to find the solution. As a result one of the phases of student administration is to be found in the Attendance Committee.

The system under which the committee works consists in allotting a certain number of absences in each course, according to the number of hours it meets during a semester. If any student exceeds this amount she must account to the committee for every absence taken. If she is unable to do this satisfactorily one point is deducted from her total number of points. If, however, she is able to account for every absence her appeal is granted and no penalty is inflicted.

The present committee is functioning under a new plan inaugurated just one year ago. Under it, instead of waiting until the end of a semester and then hearing the cases of all the students who are "over-cut," as was previously done, the committee meets once a month, and at that time all students must account for every absence taken during the previous month or else forfeit the right to appeal for those subjects at the end of the semester. When this happens, the student automatically suffers the prescribed penalty.

The Attendance Committee feels that students in college should have a more mature view on attendance at classes than the one they held while in high school. If,

however, there are some who have not yet reached this conclusion, it is to be expected that they will accept with good grace the penalties they know will be inflicted if the number of absences they are permitted does not equal the number they have taken.

Ruth Whitbread '38

Committee for Student Administration of Examinations

Chairman ELIZABETH O'HALLORAN

Secretary

MIRIAM MANNIX

The Committee for Student Administration of Examinations has been working under the present regime since February 1935, when the new constitution and name were unanimously approved by the student body. The final examinations of the following June witnessed the inception of the new regime, and since then the responsibility for the administration of examinations has been the lot of this committee.

About the same time formal mid-semester examinations were ruled out by the faculty and students. With this began the system of numerous hour quizzes during the term. If the professor chooses to manage the test himself that is out of committee hands, i.e., as far as the administration is concerned. On the other hand, it is part of our function if he prefers to have the committee take charge, and we shall gladly discharge it.

Coupled with the right of administering examinations is the unhappy duty of the committee to investigate where infringements have occurred. It is at the same time the duty of the students to report any infringements.

The members of the present committee are Elizabeth O'Halloran, Carol Denelfo, Margaret Young, Katherine Shea, Cecelia Greegan, Miriam Mannix, Bertha Antonades, Marion Kingsley, Jean Gillespie, Ann Hyland, Maude Whitbread, Evelyn Winter.

Miriam Mannix '38

Extra-Curricular Activities Committee

Chairman

YVONNE AUDION

Secretary

ANN M. KANE

The Extra-Curricular Activities Committee was organized in 1927 as another step in the program of student government at St. Joseph's.

The aim of the committee is twofold. It works toward the stimulation of interest in extra-curricular activities among the undergraduates, and at the same time prevents a monopoly of student offices on the part of a few. By a system of non-academic "points," this work is carried out. Each undergraduate must carry not less than three, nor more than ten of these points, which are apportioned by the committee to each society, office and club. If, for any reason, a student feels she can not possibly conform she may bring her case before the committee which will act as a court of appeals.

Each member is permitted three absences each semester. If she exceeds these three she will be called before the committee for a hearing. The penalty, if her appeal is denied, is debarment from social activities for the following semester.

During the past year a new policy has been inaugurated in St. Joseph's, in conformity with suggestions made by the Faculty Committee. Beginning with this semester, the records of each student's extra-curricular activity will be kept in the office. This record will consist of the names of all activities to which the student has contributed or in which she has been registered, plus a rating she received in each activity.

This entire system is based on the belief that the social side is a very prominent part of college life. We of St. Joseph's believe that the truly educated woman is the one who can take her place as a graceful and intelligent member of society.

Ann M. Kane '38

The Fish-footman began by producing from under his arm a great letter, nearly as large as himself, and this he handed over to the other, saying, in a solemn tone, "For the Duchess. An invitation from the Queen to play croquet." The Frog-footman repeated, in the same solemn tone, only changing the order of the words a little, "From the Queen. An invitation for the Duchess to play croquet."

Then they both bowed low, and their curls got entangled together.



A C T I V I T I E S



Athletic Association

President
Secretary
Treasurer

FRANCES YOUNG
HELEN DOLAN
MARY KANE

The student body is gathered in the gymnasium to review the athletic season of '36-'37. We see a "Potpourri"—a game of many games played by the Athletic Association members assembled in many teams. The president, Miss Young, blows her whistle and the game is begun.

First Quarter

The members of the Varsity, gay in their new yellow uniforms, run out onto the floor of the gymnasium, following their captain, Peggy English. We have had a successful season, and an interesting schedule, thanks to the management of Betty O'Halloran. Up to the last game, our Varsity remained an undefeated team, losing the Manhattanville game by one point. We are proud of our Varsity and its victories over Brooklyn College, Hunter College, New York University and the College of Mount St. Vincent.

Second Quarter

Down at the far end of the court we see volley ball nets being placed in position. Frances McLoughlin, the manager, raises her whistle as a signal for the game to begin.

The two teams are composed of the interclass teams which have already completed their tournament. The teams are evenly matched and the competition is keen. While this game is being played, at the near end of the court Janet Lewis gives an example of the expert marksmanship of her Rifle Squad. Their unerring aim is to be complimented.

Third Quarter

Margaret Berkery, manager of interclass basketball, calls for her teams. They give a demonstration of the various skills that are essential to a successful team. After this these teams leave the floor. Margaret Sullivan blows her whistle and the baseball teams of each class take the floor. They go through their workout to show their excellent condition.

Last Quarter

Annette Robinson, manager of tennis, announces that there will be a doubles match immediately. The well-played match shows the skill of our best tennis players and justifies the enthusiasm of the audience.

Dorothea Allen then announces that the doubles badminton match will be played. The result of her competent instruction is shown in the skill of her players.

The game is over; the score is announced by Miss Young as a completely successful season. We hope to have many more in the future.

Helen Dolan '38



H. Dolan

F. Young

M. Kane



Dramatic Society

President

MADELEINE NOONAN

Vice-President

FRANCES BENNETT

Secretary

KATHERINE SHEA

Treasurer

BEATRICE HUNKELE

The path of true dramatic art does not run smoothly. One misplaced property and an entire cast will assume the frenzied attitude of Greek tragedy. That, at least, was our experience when we presented a short one-act play, *Thank You, Doctor*, for the Fathers' club. A puzzled cast ad-libbed heroically while one of the members shouted hoarsely from behind the curtain, "I can't find the box!" We won't explain how the show went on, but go on it did and, what is more important the Fathers enjoyed it.

In addition to *Thank You, Doctor* and several one-act plays presented on various occasions, the 1936-37 season will be renowned in the annals of the Dramatic Society as the year in which we were privileged to present two major productions. The first of these, Fred Ballard's *Ladies of the Jury* evoked a great deal of anticipatory interest when it was learned that the scene, as suggested by the title, was laid in a courtroom. The play fulfilled all expectations. Celeste Hughes, as Mrs. Livingston-Baldwin Crane, gave an excellent performance; so excellent that we wouldn't want her on our jury. *Ladies of the Jury* has since been made into a moving picture, but our loyal "public"

insists that it could have been improved by the importation of some of St. Joseph's talent.

Ferenc Molnar's *The Swan* was our second attraction. More in the romantic tradition, with its background of royalty and mythical kingdoms, this play afforded us ample opportunity to prove the versatility about which we boast. An equally important opportunity was afforded the heroine, Ursula Reilly, of wearing three evening gowns—one for each act. No wonder Agi (Patricia Muller) and Albert (Marguerite Mulrenan) fought over her. We feel that the success of *The Swan* justifies the faith of those who were confident of our ability to produce two shows.

Under the direction of Madeleine Noonan, our president, a serious effort was made, during the Spring semester, at reorganizing the procedure of the weekly meetings. The society was divided into groups each of which took up a different aspect of dramatic work. The play-reading group devoted its time to the compilation of a list of one- and three-act plays suitable for future presentation by the society. The interpretive reading group concentrated on the oral interpretation of poetry and scenes from plays. A smaller but no less interesting division took up the work of the theatrical make-up which proved of great help in presenting the plays. The last section of the club—The Scenery Committee—could be seen almost every afternoon in the property room cheerfully hammering away at their fingers and daubing their smocks, and incidentally the scenery, with paint. This committee, one of the hardest working ones within the society, deserves a great deal of the credit for the success of our productions. They were responsible both for the realistic courtroom scene used in *Ladies of the Jury* and for the decorative armorial shields used as atmosphere in *The Swan*.

It would be impossible even to attempt a résumé of the past season's activities without acknowledging our debt to our coach, Mr. Robert Cass, and to Madeleine Noonan who so capably directed the society's program. They have laid the way: it is for us to follow through.

Katherine Shea '38



B. Hunkle

F. Bennett

M. Noonan

K. Shea



Glee Club

President

Secretary

Librarian

MARY TWIGG

MARIE P. CAVAGNARO

JEAN G. O'REILLY

*Music waves eternal wands—
Enchantress of the souls of mortals.*

This season's activities in the Glee Club have brought us many steps along the pathway of culture. The aesthetic aims of our society have been carefully cherished and carried forward by our members.

We have ventured ahead under the very fine guidance of Professor Carl Schlegel.

The Glee Club began its very successful year with a program for the Fathers' Club. Selections by the entire club and by our trio, composed of Eileen Maher, Frances Young and Frances Coffey, were featured.

The second affair at which the group entertained was the annual bridge for the benefit of Our Lady Star of the Sea parish of Saltaire, Long Island.

At Christmas time we repeated a practice which was initiated last year. The Glee Club members, dressed in surplices, sang hymns as a part of the Christmas Tableau. The choir sang many familiar Christmas carols. This spirit was shared by the other students of the college. Before leaving on Tuesday, December twenty-second, the entire

student body, led by the Glee Club, serenaded the Sisters of St. Joseph at the convent.

After our return from the holiday recess we were concerned with preparing a program for a joint concert with the Manhattan College Glee Club. This was the first time that we had ever collaborated with another college in a presentation. The concert, held on Sunday, February seventh, was a fine social event. After the concert a tea dance was held in the large reception rooms of the college for the members of both Glee Clubs.

A contest among the students for an additional school song was our next undertaking. Although not limited to the club members, the winner was one of our very active members, Eileen Maher.

The most important undertaking of the Glee Club is its annual concert which was held this year on April eighth. Our director, Mr. Schlegel, favored us with a few selections. There were many fine numbers by the entire club. Our program consisted also of songs by our trio. The soloists for the occasion were Margaret Hirsch, Eileen Maher and Virginia Walsh. Our very able accompanists, Jean O'Reilly and Gertrude Mayer, contributed to the fine program by their piano solos.

We go forward now with even greater dreams of achievement in the future and hope that we shall be able to bring success to the undertakings of our club.

Marie P. Cavagnaro '38



J. O'Reilly

M. Twigg

M. Cavagnaro



Loria

Editor-in-Chief

ANGELINE LEIBINGER

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FRANCES BENNETT
DOROTHY DUFFY
ALICE KENNEDY
EVELYN McCausland
MARJORIE McKEOUGH

FRANCES McLoughlin
RUTH PETERSEN
HELEN REGAN
MAUREEN RIORDAN
KATHERINE SHEA

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MARJORIE PARKER

Art Staff

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AURORA DIAS

Business Managers

MARGUERITE MULRENAN

GENEVIEVE SULLIVAN

Business Staff

GERALDINE DONNELLY

KATHRYN HOLMBERG

Loria had been criticized in the past for being written by the staff and for having too narrow an appeal. Therefore we came to the task with the general aim of making

Loria more representative of the student body. This we hoped to do by enlarging the number of contributors, by varying the material and by adding new features.

We began our campaign by discussing the criticisms and possibilities of *Loria* with the Literary Group. Then we distributed questionnaires to find out what the students wanted in their magazine. Evidently both these measures were effective: the Fall issue, which boasted a three-color cover quite unlike any that had preceded it, contained mostly contributions from students who were not on the staff. The Christmas and Spring issues, which were larger in volume, succeeded even further by presenting many new contributors. Now we feel that we have achieved our aim in part since we have aroused a decided interest in contributing.

The materials for *Loria* should be drawn from the various departments and activities, and from all classes. Originally the magazine was issued by the literary society, and in former years it drew its material mostly from the upper-class English majors. But this year, determined to broaden its scope, we included articles of interest from religious, political, and musical points of view, triumphing in the Spring issue with two essays in French. The Freshmen, who are usually hesitant about contributing, were brave enough this year to make their *début* in our first issue. A contest conducted especially for them helped us to draw them out.

The Alumnae have always been an integral part of Saint Joseph's and therefore should be included in any project which attempts to be representative of the college. For this reason we extended an invitation to the Alumnae to contribute one article for each issue. They apparently were in favor of the suggestion, for they responded readily. Their contributions were varied: a reminiscence of Saint Joseph's ten years ago, an account of travel and of study, and a suggestion for our attitudes in the future.

It was suggested that *Loria* include those features of a newspaper that might be appropriate for a magazine also. In accordance with this we devoted space in each issue for editorials on topics of general and school interest. We also introduced interviews with well-known people, a feature which proved quite popular.

In order that we might not neglect the tradition of *Loria* of fostering an appreciation of good literature, we published a series of articles on Catholic authors who should be better known by the student body. These essays took the form of appreciations rather than criticisms.

Heretofore the importance of art work in *Loria* had not been recognized. But we believed that it should have more significance. With the co-operation of the Art Club, we managed to cut down the expenses of printing art work by using linoleum cuts. Thus we were enabled to increase the amount of art work. The cuts proved effective for the covers as well as for the illustrations.

As we look back over the results of our work we realize that we have not succeeded in revolutionizing the magazine nor in raising it to its rightful importance as the official magazine of Saint Joseph's College. But we have eliminated some of its failings and we have given to it the suggestions of "new worlds to conquer."

Angeline Leibinger '38



Le Cercle Molière

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer

JANET P. MORRIS
AMALIA MORABITO
ROSALYN D. MANFREDONIA
CONCETTA GIAMPIETRO

The Cercle Molière was formed primarily to give a better and more intelligent understanding of the cultural background of France to advanced students of French, and also to foster a more earnest and fervent feeling for these backgrounds in those not familiar with the language.

All meetings are conducted in French. The club tries to arrange programs which will meet with everyone's approval and appreciation.

The outstanding event of the year was the presentation of our dramatic production *Les Femmes Fortes* on the night of the twentieth of November. We are most certain that if our play was a success it may be ascribed to its most competent directors, Mr. Aucoin and Mlle. Michaud, whose tireless efforts and patience brought success to the comedy of Sardou. This presentation was recognized by the *Courrier Des Etats-Unis*, the best current journal of the French-reading public in the United States, and the *New York Times*, in which we received noteworthy comments.

With the month of December nearing, the members of the French Club proceeded to make arrangements for their Christmas party. The spirit of Christmas prevailed and

everyone had a merry time. The program included a dinner, French talks on the *Noël*, games and the singing of Christmas carols in French.

The club has tried to promote an interest in the French productions given by other colleges. In keeping with this idea the members attended the production of *Le Cid* at Hunter College.

The spring semester began with a musicale of French classical and operatic composers such as Bizet, Gounod, Saint-Saëns and Massenet. To promote this appreciation for music the girls gave short talks on the works and lives of the composers.

Later in the semester we were fortunate enough to hear a lecture given in French by Agnes Dooley, president of the club during 1934-35. Her very interesting talk consisted of her experiences in the French University at Grenoble. She also enlightened us on the customs of the French people of today.

Accompanied by the head of the French Department, Mlle. Michaud, a group attended the French theater in New York City where they saw a modern play entitled *Christian* by Yvan Noë.

On our return to the college after Eastertime, our own Father William Ryan gave us a lecture in French on "The Trends of Culture in Modern France Today," which was more than appreciated by the students. Mlle. Michaud also gave us a lecture on Paris, accompanied by lantern slides.

Something new and different! The members of the French Club have been asked to contribute articles written in French to *Loria*. Two of our members, Mary Marshall and Connie Giampietro, submitted articles.

The Cercle Molière has completed a very successful year under the excellent guidance of Mlle. Michaud and its president, Janet Morris.

The Seniors have been invited to a farewell reception which can in no way compensate for the work they did during the year. Only with their support and co-operation was the French Club able to carry on its activities to such magnitude. However, this is not really a farewell since they, in turn, will join the Alumnae French Club, formed at the beginning of the year. In this way we shall be able to keep in close contact with one another.

Rosalyn D. Manfredonia '38

Serenaders

Conductor

Secretary-Treasurer

EILEEN M. MAHER

BEATRICE HUNKELE

The Serenaders is an old, and yet a new, organization. This club of the college began many years ago, but was discontinued in 1935. However, during this past year the group has been reorganized. As yet it is a young organization, but hopes to advance and become an important part of the college.

The members of the Serenaders believe that an appreciation of instrumental music, whether one is a performer or a listener, is especially valuable to college graduates.

The Serenaders will become an active part of the Undergraduate Association and will entertain occasionally at General Assembly. We shall also furnish the music for other college functions throughout the year. At the culmination of the year's activities the Serenaders will direct their efforts toward the musical portion of the Commencement Exercises.

Eileen M. Maher '38

Art Club

President

EVELYN McCausland

Secretary-Treasurer

MARIE GOUGH

Since art is nature working through man, man must develop such aesthetic senses as will enhance that nature.

The Art Club desires to give each person a finer feeling and understanding for the beauty in all forms of nature that one may meet in everyday life. The members of this still growing club first learned design under the able direction of Mr. Aucoin. They then learned the use of charcoal in portraits. There are many pictures from this group to be put in the exhibit at the end of May.

At Christmas time, the Art Club members designed and cut their own linoleum blocks. They stamped their own Christmas cards with these cuts. Linoleum allover patterns were printed on various colored doilies.

Each member tries to delve into some new field of art. The experiments are then exhibited and criticized by the whole group. Some of these outside fields are: sculpturing, leather tooling, wood-pyrography, pencil and ink sketching, water colors, and oil painting. The club hopes to go deeper into these fields as it progresses. So that we may also see the works of great artists in each of these fields, the Art Club has attended many art exhibits. These exhibits should not only interest the person interested in art but also the person wishing to gain some appreciation of art.

In order to be of assistance to the college, the Art Club has made posters for the social affairs as well as for other clubs in the college.

As its program of progressive activity materializes, the Art Club hopes the cultural background of its members will increase.

Marie Gough '39

Bridge Club

President

HELEN DEEGAN

Secretary

MARGARET SCANNELL

The Bridge Club has been in existence since February '35. It has since grown to be one of the most popular college clubs. Having started with a membership of about twenty, today we have about seventy listed as active members.

The atmosphere of the Bridge Club meetings is designedly informal, for our purpose is to bring about a wider acquaintanceship among the members of the various classes. Meetings in the "Old Aud" are characterized by animated discussions as to the respective merits of the Culbertson and Jacoby systems of bidding and hands.

During the fall semester of 1936, it was agreed among the older members and the officers that the club should present some new and definite program for the members. After many attempts at having students serve as teachers of both contract and auction, it was decided that a more beneficial program would be secured if an authority in the field conducted a series of lectures for the members of the club. It was with this in mind that the officers obtained estimates from such persons as Mr. Barclay and Mr. Curtin.

Because plans were not made until February, it was too late for our group to profit by any changes. These ideas which we have been unable to carry out we leave to those who still remain. We pass the potential lectures to next year's group. May they complete what we have begun and share in the good times we have had and will always remember.

Margaret Scannell '37

History Club

President

MARGARET MACGILLIVRAY

Secretary

ELEANOR VAN WAGNER

Pax Christi in Regno Christi

The program of the History Club has been varied and diverse. The interest of the members was absorbed by the various activities offered to the group this year. Among the more important interests participated in were the symposiums held on the current events, especially the discussions on "Present Day Spain," "The Supreme Court" and "The Methods of War in Modern Times." The members took part in debates and sent speakers to outside clubs and schools to spread the Catholic principles of world peace and, above all, to have an active interested group spreading this vital form of Catholic action—Peace.

Pax Christi in Regno Christi is the motto of the Peace Federation formed by the Catholic colleges and Newman Clubs of the Middle Atlantic States. Saint Joseph's, represented by the History Club, has done its share in making this an energetic, lively and effective organization.

Early in November the various colleges sent delegates to Saint Elizabeth's College in New Jersey. Here plans were discussed for the work to be done during the ensuing year. Each college was to carry on a Peace Program of its own, the procedure of which had been planned at this meeting. It was then decided that the second meeting of the Peace Federation was to be held at Saint Joseph's on February thirteenth.

In the interim the History Club members did their utmost to make their fellow students "Peace Conscious" by displaying posters and having preliminary peace meetings to which the undergraduates were all invited.

Our all-day conference started with the spiritual exercises. Father Dillon celebrated Holy Mass. There at the feet of The Prince of Peace, we sought the guidance and counsel which would be needed to make our symposium effective, far-reaching, and worthwhile.

A round-table discussion followed. Miss Margaret Wilson, of the College of New Rochelle, acted as chairman. The general topic under discussion was "The Catholic Student and Peace." Mr. John English, of Georgetown University, offered, with the well-known suave "Georgetown" manner, his shrewd observation of the indifferent attitude toward peace of the average Catholic student in Catholic colleges. Mr. William Flynn, of Polytechnic Institute, gave us the reactions of a Catholic student in a non-sectarian college.

These discourses were followed by more on the general topic of "Peace and the Press." After a delightful luncheon all the delegates and many outside visitors repaired to the auditorium to hear Dr. Elizabeth Lynskey, of Hunter College, and Dr. Charles Fenwick, of Bryn Mawr College. The speakers, by their grasp of their subjects, presentations and enthusiasm, inspired all their listeners with a firm resolution to do their utmost to carry on the campaign for world peace. Each delegate in his or her heart vowed to go forward under the banner of peace until the whole world would be enrolled in the Peace of Christ and thereby bring about the Kingdom of Christ.

The History Club also has a social side which has not been totally neglected, even though our time has been taken up with peace. Those who attended the performance of *Richard II* could not have failed to have been thrilled at Maurice Evans' portrayal of the famous English king.

Eleanor M. Van Wagner '39

Social Service

President

Vice-President

Secretary-Treasurer

AMALIA MORABITO

MARGARET KEENAN

MARION MAGEE

Although the Social Service Club is still in its youth it is largely responsible for encouraging among the students a spirit of love of the poor and the desire to help these unfortunate members of society. This is its primary aim. We feel, too, that it has another aim: namely, to provide the members with the opportunity of ascertaining whether or not they would be interested in working in this field after graduation. It is a field that provides great opportunity for young Catholic women.

When the spring term ended our work did not cease, but was carried on through the summer months by many members of the club who worked as supervisors in the Catholic playgrounds and investigators for sending children to summer camps.

With the opening of the fall semester, the members resumed their work at St. Mary's Hospital, interviewing patients and taking case histories and filing. A number of girls have made themselves invaluable in the children's ward by their ceaseless efforts to keep these little sufferers amused and happy. Other workers have resumed the teaching of Catechism in parishes where there are no Catholic schools.

Some of the other members have worked at Catholic Charities, writing up case histories, doing follow-up work on court cases and directing recreational centers. Other girls have devoted their energies to Dr. White's Memorial Settlement, helping in the kindergarten and teaching Catechism. The rest of the members worked in the Tuesday or Thursday group, which met in school, and devoted their time to making scrapbooks, rosary beads and babies' clothes.

At Christmas the Social Service Club united with the Undergraduate Association in playing Santa Claus to sixteen needy families, by distributing to them food, clothing, toys and Christmas trees. We conducted our annual exhibition before Christmas and displayed a variety of daintily dressed dolls, exciting scrapbooks, colorful toys and blue, white and pink layettes, all of which were distributed.

This year we have attempted to extend our work beyond the hospital, sewing and playground work by collecting stamps, tinfoil, books and magazines, and sending them to the Jesuit missions. We have also been able to help St. Rose's Free Home.

In devoting time and energy to this club we can reap our reward from the fact that we have contributed some small service to society. Our organization is still in its youth but, with the passing of time, should reach maturity and a greater realization of the spirit of self-sacrifice necessary for this type of work. We wish to take this opportunity of acknowledging the splendid work and loyalty of so many students who participated in this club.

Marion Magee '38

Public Speaking Club

President

RITA STAIGER

Secretary

MARY CIZMOWSKI

The babe born in 1934 grew lustily, and is now a thriving child of three. It has become noisy in a useful sort of way, contrary to the development of most children.

The club desires to present Catholic culture as it truly is—a vital force in the lives of all its adherents. Speakers are sent by the club to address communion breakfasts, Newman Clubs, and sodalities. They have dealt with such purely religious topics as indulgences, fast days and saints' lives. In the broader field of Catholicity and life, they have discussed such subjective and essential problems as "What Religion Means to Me," and such equally practical problems as "The Catholic Church and Literature."

The speeches are short—about ten minutes in length. Judging from the repeated requests the club has received to send speakers back again, the ten-minute intervals have been successful. They have reversed the belief that "speeches cannot be made long enough for the speakers, nor short enough for the hearers."

At the meetings, which take place once every two weeks, a new plan has been adopted. The members discuss possible topics, decide whether they are well chosen, and exchange ideas.

Class meetings have a way of clashing with Public Speaking meetings, but this difficulty will be adjusted so that the child won't suffer stunted growth because of a lack of vitamins.

Mary Cizmowski '38

Debating Society

President

ABIGAIL DORNEY

Secretary

ROSE FRANCES MILLER

"The debater has a good mind. He has skill in the use of language. He has some degree of poise and confidence. He is presumably interested in the great questions of the day, the problems of his people, and he is able to discuss them with intelligence." These are the qualities, as expressed by Professor Howes, which we desire to cultivate in ourselves as members of the Debating Society. Our enthusiasm was so great last fall that at our first meeting we amended our constitution in such a way that the interval between adjournments was shortened. We were resolved to foster a program of intramural debating. Symposiums and open-forum debates upon current questions were held at our meetings.

One of our first manifestations of activity was a debate presented at General Assembly, the Friday before Election Day. Resolved: That there should be a change in the administration of the United States Government. Mary Cizmowski and Katherine Braithwaite upheld the affirmative, while Ann Kenny and Jane Walsh defended the negative. It was not long before we again appeared before the public eye after a period of being apparently, but not really, dormant. At General Assembly several speeches were delivered on current topics and their ability to lend themselves to debating.

We were pleasantly surprised this year with several invitations: one to attend the convention of the New York State Debate Conference in Syracuse in April, and several from other colleges. This year we were unable to accept the invitations of the other colleges. However, we look forward to partaking in intercollegiate debating next year.

Rose F. Miller '39

Fencing Club

President

JANET LEWIS

Secretary

FRANCES McLOUGHLIN

"St. Joseph's Wins on Strips"—This newspaper clipping startled the undergraduate body into the realization that the Fencing Club, regarded by many as a joke, was really a serious endeavor, capable of bringing fresh laurels to the college.

Introduced at the beginning of the fall term by Janet Lewis, the club attracted a small but zealous following. Through the kind interest of Father Dillon, Miss Rachel Smith, from the Vince School of Fencing, became instructor. Under her able tutelage, the neophytes were initiated into the mysteries of the "gentlewomen's sport." To give the proper aura of permanence and organization to the group, the fencers elected Janet Lewis president of the Saint Joseph's College Fencing Club. Four months' earnest practice were rewarded with victory when the club won its first match, from Hofstra College, on January thirtieth.

This match drew interest, but also bewilderment, from the rest of the college. Therefore the fencers conducted a demonstration in General Assembly for the education of undergraduates in intelligent appreciation of fencing matches.

To undertake the formalities of challenging other fencing groups and essaying an entry into the Women's Intercollegiate Fencing Tournament, Frances McLoughlin was made secretary of the club. The fencers' second match, against the Queens Fencers, on March eighteenth, was an ably contested defeat for our younger club.

The club points with pride to its first year's record, and seeks admission to the Athletic Association as a recognized extra-curricular activity. Enthusiasm undimmed, it is planning eagerly for new conquests next year.

Frances McLoughlin '38

The Cultural Committee

Chairman

DORIS DEVLIN

Secretary

JANET MORRIS

This committee was formed not only for the purpose of advancing and guiding those who had already begun their cultural education, but more especially to start and encourage those who had not yet traveled on that long, but very pleasant road.

The committee strikes enthusiastically about, now here, now there, trying to find its level and to begin to comprehend, even in some small part, the meaning and import of the great accomplishments in art, literature and music.

This year we have tried to spread our program so that it would cover each of these fields, if only in some small degree. One of the most important events was a visit to the Brooklyn Museum to view an exhibition on five centuries of German art. We have learned from this and other similar excursions that to be a great painter and artist is one of the grandest things in the world. Today we can look upon these, the pictures of the past world that have been painted by the men who lived in it, as if the artist were alive, lending us his eyes, through which we might see the beauty and the ugliness, the comedy and the tragedy of the life which he saw.

In March we presented Miss Flanigan to the General Assembly. Her fine and interesting views on modern writers and their sources were greatly appreciated.

During the season of Metropolitan Opera, here in New York City, the members attended a performance of the French opera *Faust* by the famous composer, Gounod. We were all thrilled by the stirring music and by the fine drama of the action. These are the things which we feel have helped us to find, in some part, the beginnings of a proper cultural background.

Janet Morris '37

Mercier Circle

President MARGUERITE MULRENAN

Secretary

KATHLEEN HOLLAND

Mercier Circle, the philosophical honor society, this year welcomed thirteen new undergraduate members. With this substantial increase, the first meeting of the year took place in October.

The Rev. Francis X. Fitzgibbon assuaged the anxiety of the tenderfoot members, to their evident relief, by informing them that they would not be expected to rise and declaim on the relative merits of Kant or Plato. Rather would they hope to formulate and develop a personal philosophy and a habit of practical reasoning on everyday living and its problems. Thus Mercier, given this extensive application, has been the center of heated and almost violent discussions on such antipodal topics as the atomic theory and modern Utopias.

As was to be expected, the new members were vaguely haunted by the momentous word "philosopher," until a process of relaxation, occasioned by the delectable anecdotes of our director, Father Fitzgibbon, overcame their distressing habit of either cold silence or polite agreement. Thus timid questions gave way to heated controversies. This led to a positive inability to conclude meetings at a reasonable hour, as well as to avoid further argument.

But the latter fact is encouraging. Judging by the many repercussions continuing outside the meetings, Mercier has evidently been successful in its avowed purpose: to provide us with the kernel of ideas, of formation of opinions, and of carrying these truths beyond the boundaries of Mercier Circle.

Marguerite Mulrenan '38

FOG

The fog makes my world small;
The things that yesterday were plain
I cannot see at all.

It matters not how fast I go;
She follows close and draws
Her filmy veil around me; so

I wonder if it would be fair,
(Because I cannot see)
To say my world's not there.

Rose Scarangella '40



Athletic Association Cup

Each year the Athletic Association completes its season at Field Day, when the four classes compete for the Silver Cup. Anyone may try out for the events, whether she is a member of A. A. or not. Last year the present graduating class won the cup for the third successive year. Tradition rewards such thrice-successful competitors by the engraving of the class year on the cup. Practically everyone in the class was instrumental in the final victory by participation in some event or events, so that individually and collectively the Class of '37 may be particularly proud of this conquest. It is the first time in the history of the college that any class has been able to accomplish this feat.

Establishing precedent on precedent, the class proceeded, on May the first of this year, to capture the cup for the fourth successive year, thus graduating with a record which no class has even approached in the past, and which should serve as a challenge to succeeding classes.

Lillian F. Keenan '37

A boat, beneath a sunny sky
Lingering onward dreamily
In an evening of July—

Children three that nestle near,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Pleased a simple tale to hear—

Long has faded that sunny sky:
Echoes fade and memories die:
Autumn frosts have slain July.

Still she haunts me, phantomwise,
Alice moving under skies
Never seen by waking eyes.

Children yet, the tale to hear,
Eager eye and willing ear,
Lovingly shall nestle near.

In a Wonderland they lie
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die:

Ever drifting down the stream—
Lingering in the golden gleam—
Life, what is it but a dream?

The twelve jurors were all writing very busily on slates. "What are they doing?" Alice whispered to the Gryphon. "They can't have anything to put down yet, before the trial's begun."

"They're putting down their names," the Gryphon whispered in reply, "for fear they should forget them before the end of the trial."

The White Rabbit cried out, "Silence in the court!" and the King put on his spectacles and looked anxiously round, to make out who was talking.



D I R E C T O R Y

Student Directory

Ahearn, Janice G.	27 Winthrop Street	Carlin, Dorothy	47 Marine Avenue
Albano, Eileen	112-06 20th Street, Hollis, N. Y.	Carney, Mary	364 Union Street
Allen, Dorothea	1193 East 17th Street	Carroll, Frances	151 Willoughby Avenue
Allen, Eileen	351 Maple Street	Carter, Betty	294 De Kalb Avenue
Allen, Marjorie	1193 East 17th Street	Cavagnaro, Marie	
Amar, Dolores	1343 77th Street		8529 109th Street, Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Amar, Renee	1343 77th Street	Cavagaro, Pauline	
Andersen, Arleen	435 76th Street		8529 109th Street, Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Andersen, Isabelle	435 76th Street	Cimino, Marie	5986 Grand Avenue, Maspeth, N. Y.
Antonades, Bertha	1385 Union Street	Cizmovski, Mary	8611 162nd Street, Jamaica, N. Y.
Appel, Mary		Clancy, Marie	
	69-40 Continental Ave., Forest Hills, N. Y.		6444 Bunnecke Court, Ridgewood, N. Y.
Arnone, Lillian	1229 57th Street	Clark, Helen	
Astarita, Angelina	457 80th Street		137-35 Thurston Street, Springfield Gardens, N. Y.
Atkinson, Winifred	524 East 35th Street	Coakley, Geraldine	220 78th Street
Aubry, Jeanne	431 136th Street, Belle Harbor, N. Y.	Coates, Grace	1144 Halsey Street
Audioun, Yvonne		Cooley, Anne	327 79th Street
	139-48 228th Street, Laurelton, N. Y.	Coffey, Catherine	97 North Henry Street
Bagnasco, Frances		Coffey, Frances	5305 7th Avenue
	2370 24th Street, Long Island City, N. Y.	Concannon, Mary	209 Lenox Road
Barron, Eileen	1090 Prospect Place	Coolon, Margaret	639 Vanderbilt Street
Barry, Margaret	630 East 38th Street	Connellan, Margaret	High Street, Closter, N. J.
Bartley, Eleanor	547 59th Street	Connolly, Elizabeth	813 Amsterdam Avenue
Bartley, Mary	547 59th Street	Constantine, Catherine	90 Terrace Place
Beetar, Genevieve	116 Prospect Park West	Cook, Loretta	554 9th Street
Bell, Jane	972 79th Street	Corrigan, Ann	936 74th Street
Bennet, Ruth	1070 East 5th Street	Coscia, Grace	9102 4th Avenue
Bennett, Frances	853 East 18th Street	Crimmins, Marion	1786 East 21st Street
Berkery, Margaret	268-A East 31st Street	Cunningham, Eileen	871 Union Street
Berner, Marie	7116 69th Place, Glendale, N. Y.		
Bertraud, Jeanne	99-59 211th Place, Bellaire, N. Y.	Daly, Eileen	4821 91st Street, Elmhurst, N. Y.
Biechele, Florence	1072 East 10th Street	Deegan, Helen	32 Rutland Road
Billington, Emily	Irish Lane, East Islip, N. Y.	de Jongh, Maria	1724 West 10th Street
Birmingham, Marie		Delaney, Mary	
	85-66 76th Street, Woodhaven, N. Y.		104-75 110th Street, Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Blake, Joan	6810 7th Avenue	DeMorrans, Mary	105 Patchen Avenue
Bodemer, Harriett		Denclio, Carol	
	48-34 64th Street, Woodside, N. Y.		9032 214th Place, Queens Village, N. Y.
Bolton, Margaret	86 Prospect Park West	dePauw, Merlin	
Brady, Ann	718 Carroll Street		5 Davis Ave., Port Washington, N. Y.
Brady, Mary	1177 East 23rd Street	deVilliers, Elise	
Braithwaite, Kathryn	109 Dean Street		87-37 109th Street, Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Brennan, Edith	192 Crown Street	Devlin, Doris	183 Midwood Street
Brennan, Eileen	478 Prospect Place	Dias, Aurora	793 St. Johns Place
Brennan, Grace	225 Parkside Avenue	Dolan, Ann	8516 88th St., Woodhaven, N. Y.
Brenziger, Ruth		Dolan, Helen	
	340 Piccadilly Downs, Lynbrook, N. Y.		130 East Lincoln Ave., Valley Stream, N. Y.
Bressi, Elisabeth	1447 78th Street	Donnelly, Geraldine	631 Park Place
Brown, Helen	1431 Sterling Place	Donovan, Mary	181 Vermilyea Ave., N. Y. C.
Brown, Rosemary	1431 Sterling Place	Donovan, Rita	1867 West 4th Street
Bruce, Edythe	100 East 18th Street	Dorsey, Abigail	139 78th Street
Burns, Frances	463 14th Street	Driggs, Katherine	531 First Street
Burns, Marjorie	1759 West 10th Street	Drucker, Ruth E.	
Byrne, Helen	3702 Farragut Road		84-34 Dana Court, West Forest Hills, N. Y.
Caetta, Frances	254 Avenue T	Duffy, Dorothy	782 East 18th Street
Campbell, Ann		Duhig, Rita	1633 72nd Street
	118-05 Liberty Ave., Richmond Hill, N. Y.		
Campbell, Eileen		Easop, Lillian	426 Sterling Place
	104-42 93rd Avenue, Richmond Hill, N. Y.	Egan, Marita	216 Lefferts Avenue
Campion, Muriel	1053 82nd Street	Eichell, Eileen	148-20 88th Ave., Jamaica, N. Y.
Canale, Marcella M.	751 President Street	Eichorn, Irene	
Carbonaro, Agatina	2454 Ocean Parkway		43-28 Auburndale Lane, Flushing, N. Y.
		English, Margaret	860 East 17th Street

Etzel, Mary	814 Beverly Road	Higgins, Helen	247 Windsor Place
Fanelle, Eleanor	1350 76th Street	Hines, Alice	11 Church St., Great Neck, N. Y.
Farley, Marie		Hirsch, Margaret	1425 54th Street
	109-29 115th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.	Hoffman, Loretta	341 11th Street
Farrell, Cathleen	295 Sterling Place	Hogue, Josephine	7522 Narrows Avenue
Farrington, Mary	262 East 34th Street	Holmberg, Katherine	79 Chester Avenue
Fay, Margaret	927 East 38th Street	Hughes, Celeste	1145 Lincoln Place
Feely, Jean	109-80 201st St., Hollis, N. Y.	Hughes, Elizabeth	231 9th Street
Fischetti, Patricia	671 Degraw Street	Hughes, Mary	1145 Lincoln Place
Fity, Rosanna	417 73rd Street	Humann, Elizabeth	106 Reid Avenue
Foley, Katherine	55 Grant Avenue	Hundley, Lanra	77 Truxton Street
Foley, Kathryn F.	270 Marcy Avenue	Hunkele, Beatrice	227 93rd Street
Franz, Marie	101-23 130th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.	Hussey, Marie	654 77th Street
		Huth, Evelyn	27-23 27th Street, Astoria, N. Y.
Gallager, Gertrude		Hyland, Anne	211 8th Avenue
	109-115th St., Ozone Park, N. Y.	Iacobellis, Teresa	368 South 3rd Street
Garvey, Teresa	272 East 34th Street	Iaconis, Catherine	
Garestina, Frances			103-14 130th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
	117 Clinton Ave., Roosevelt, N. Y.	Irving, Dorothy	118 Milton Street
George, Patricia	630 84th Street		
Gerty, Ursula	438 Prospect Place	Johnson, Bernadette	459 5th Street
Ghegan, Joan	171 68th Street	Johnstone, Edna	3511 Avenue D
Giampietro, Concetta	2060 West 8th Street		
Giardinieri, Alda	135 West 13th Street, N. Y. C.	Kane, Anna	318 Hemlock Street
Gibson, Margaret	1464 West 5th Street	Kane, Dorothy	160 73rd Street
Giganti, Rosalie		Kane, Eleanor	1580 East 18th Street
	71-50 Nansen St., Forest Hills, N. Y.	Kane, Helen	4416 6th Avenue
Gillen, Margaret	806 Hicks Street	Kane, Mary	678 78th Street
Gillespie, Jean		Kane, Regina	738 Dean Street
	40 Wisconsin Street, Long Beach, N. Y.	Kearney, Jane	226 McDonough Street
Giorgio, Ruth	9005 188th St., Hollis, N. Y.	Keenan, Lillian	591 5th Street
Giuffre, Marie	88-40 3rd Avenue	Keenan, Margaret	649 78th Street
Glaser, Virginia	173-47 104th Rd., Jamaica, N. Y.	Kennedy, Alice	1140 Bergen Street
Glinn, Annabelle	3111 Glenwood Road	Kennedy, Florence	
Golden, Elise	236 New York Avenue		143-07 243rd Street, Rosedale, N. Y.
Golden, Lillian	133-39 114th Pl., Ozone Park, N. Y.	Kenny, Ann	462 Beach 133 St., Belle Harbor, N. Y.
Gorman, Jeanne	303 Marlboro Road	Keyes, Jane	603 6th Street
Gough, Marie	184 East 32nd Street	Kiernan, Mary	1615 Avenue T
Grady, Eileen		Kilbois, Eunice	311 Bainbridge Street
	263 Dover Street, Manhattan Beach, N. Y.	Kilgallen, Lucille	664 59th Street
Greegan, Celilia	1677 Union Street	King, Isabella	94-27 Sutter Ave., Ozone Park, N. Y.
Green, Agnes	37-18 Bowne St., Flushing, N. Y.	Kinsley, Marion	404 Monroe Street
Greene, Ann	979-79th Street	Kirvin, Florence	1028 East 32nd Street
Griffin, Catherine	148-15 87th Rd., Jamaica, N. Y.	Kopp, Frances	
Griffin, Marguerite	296 Windsor Place		120-17 97th Ave., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Griffin, Miriam	8415 Fort Hamilton Parkway		
Guiney, Mary	79 Saratoga Avenue		
		Lacey, Helen	774 East 35th Street
Haefner, Muriel	448 51st Street	Lally, Miriam	13709 Ocean Ave., Rosedale, N. Y.
Haffey, Mary	265 Windsor Place	Laux, Margaret	13 Howard Place
Hagan, Mildred	99 Joralemon Street	Leibinger, Angeline	
Hagan, Virginia	26 Smith Ave., Bay Shore, N. Y.		176-06 Linden Blvd., St. Albans, N. Y.
Haigney, Kathleen	9402 Ridge Boulevard	Lennon, Dorothea	1564 East 31st Street
Hamilton, Dorothy	799 Willoughby Avenue	Lewis, Janet	116-02 218th St., St. Albans, N. Y.
Hanley, Eileen	1600 East 18th Street	Lilly, Edith	624 Bay Ridge Parkway
Hantusch, Wilmar		Linardos, Anastasia	163 Ocean Avenue
	20 Richard Street, Farmingdale, N. Y.	Lopez, Anita	535 East 28th Street
Harold, Helen		Losquadro, Agatha	1671 Utica Avenue
	1087 Gipson St., Far Rockaway, N. Y.	Lunney, Catherine	152 Steuben Street
Harrington, Marion		Lynam, Kathleen	2173 65th Street
	106-19 Boulevard, Rockaway Beach, N. Y.		
Havdon, Margaret	551 De Kalb Avenue	Mack, Margaret	
Heffernan, Kathryn			194-13 114th Avenue, St. Albans, N. Y.
	85-37 109th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.	MacGillivray, Margaret	
Herbert, Florence	1438 East 19th Street		130-13 116th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Hession, Isabelle	211 Lefferts Avenue	Madigan, Eileen	1109 East 18th Street

Magee, Margaret	66-64 Booth St., Forest Hills, N. Y.	Moore, Dorothy	1035 East 26th Street
Magee, Marion	488 Nostrand Avenue	Morabito, Amalia	5019 Avenue I
Magenheimer, Ruth	111-36 200th St., Hollis, N. Y.	Moran, Doris	131-70 228th St., Laurelton, N. Y.
Maher, Eileen	656 Ovington Avenue	Morgan, Margaret	408 St. Johns Place
Mahoney, Helen	1918 Hendrickson Street	Morris, Janet	600 East 21st Street
Mainella, Virginia	116-14 109th Ave., Ozone Park, N. Y.	Mulcahy, Elizabeth	142 West 64th Street
Maltese, Lucille	7110 Juno St., Forest Hills, N. Y.	Muller, Patricia	686 St. Johns Place
Manfredonia, Rosalyn	107 Brooklyn Avenue	Mulligan, Kathleen	44 Wilson St., Lynbrook, N. Y.
Mannebach, Virginia	1163 Lincoln Place	Mulligan, Marion	44 Wilson St., Lynbrook, N. Y.
Manning, Elizabeth	7624 11th Avenue	Mulrenan, Marguerite	439A Monroe Street
Manning, Margaret	8023 Ridge Boulevard	Mulvaney, Anne	109-44 117th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Mannix, Miriam	90-36 55th Ave., Elmhurst, N. Y.	Murphy, Anamarie	8904 118th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Marshall, Mary	928 77th Street	Murphy, Anna	685 East 37th Street
Masheck, Ethyl	21-48 46th St., Astoria, N. Y.	Murray, Ann	511 8th Street
Masterson, Margaret	8 Beech Court, College Point, N. Y.	Murray, Anna May	819A Greene Avenue
Mayer, Gertrude	195 Weirfield Street	Murray, Catherine	9022 195th Pl., Hollis, N. Y.
McBreen, Florence	251 West 92nd Street, N. Y. C.	Musurillo, Viola	29 Oliver Street, N. Y. C.
McCabe, Mary	9104 Ridge Boulevard	Nally, Mary	775 Macon Street
McCaffrey, Kathryn	7416 87th Rd., Woodhaven, N. Y.	Napoli, Carmela	2237 East 7th Street
McCann, Martha	63-07 61st Ave., Maspeth, N. Y.	Nelson, Jane	9105 89th Ave., Woodhaven, N. Y.
McCarroll, Elizabeth	345 73rd Street	Neufeld, Gertrude	5308 90th Street, Elmhurst, N. Y.
McCausland, Evelyn	462 13th Street	Nicolaus, Elizabeth	6925 Fleet St., Forest Hills, N. Y.
McCloskey, Catherine	2047 East 41st Street	Noel, Marion	336 37th Street
McCloskey, Lillian	1465 East 12th Street	Noonan, Madeleine	8205 Grenfell Ave., Kew Gardens, N. Y.
McCrimisk, Mary	1583 East 12th Street	Nowicki, Virginia	147-03 33rd Ave., Flushing, N. Y.
McCue, Mary	75-61 Kessel St., Forest Hills, N. Y.	O'Brien, Elizabeth	681 Sterling Place
McDonald, Irene	172-12 90th Avenue, Jamaica, N. Y.	O'Connell, Hazel	1318 Union Street
McDonald, Mary	1003 Franklin Avenue	O'Connell, Josephine	6 Alice Court
McGough, Florence	229 Hudson Street, N. Y. C.	O'Connell, Catherine	7113 69th Pl., Glendale, N. Y.
McGovern, Anne	1966 University Ave., N. Y. C.	O'Halloran, Elizabeth	420 Clinton Avenue
McGovern, Rita	1060 New York Avenue	O'Keefe, Elizabeth	97-12 131st St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
McGrath, Mary	825 Foster Avenue	Oliveri, Frances	201 Allen St., N. Y. C.
McGuire, Norine	82 Prospect South West	Olmstead, Rita	4309 47th Ave., Long Island City, N. Y.
McKeon, Lorraine	275 Midwood Street	O'Mahoney, Frances	126 82nd Street
McKeough, Marjorie	48-32 90th St., Elmhurst, N. Y.	O'Neil, Claire	1718 East 14th Street
McLoughlin, Adelaide	848 President Street	O'Regan, Marie	46 Wilson Street, Lynbrook, N. Y.
McLoughlin, Frances	404 4th Street	O'Reilly, Jean	104 Roosevelt St., Garden City, N. Y.
McMahon, Mary	3201 Avenue J	Organ, Jane	1114 East 31st Street
McMahon, Margaret	32 Gifford Ave., Jersey City, N. J.	O'Rourke, Dorothea	2122 East 19th Street
McMahon, Natalie	32 Gifford Ave., Jersey City, N. J.	Ostermann, Marie	329 Fulton St., Westbury, N. Y.
McManus, Eleanor	364 Weirfield Street	O'Toole, Ellen	90-57 51st Ave., Elmhurst, N. Y.
McManus, Ruth	1170 Brooklyn Avenue	Owens, Virginia	175 Garfield Place
McNamara, Agnes	260 Washington Avenue	Palermo, Antoinette	1376 Jefferson Avenue
McNulty, Mary	780 St. Johns Place	Pampinella, Rose	312 Sheridan Avenue
McVey, Kathryn	30 Clinton Avenue	Paone, Lucille	354 10th Street
Meade, Winifred	2937 Far Rockaway Blvd., Far Rockaway, N. Y.	Parisi, Rose	222 Sheridan Avenue
Meehan, Mary	58 91st Street	Parker, Marjorie	77 New York Avenue
Megna, Maria	2447 85th Street	Partidge, Frances	136 Park Place
Metzendorf, Marjorie	70 Hewes Street	Pellegrino, Helen	6006 7th Avenue
Michel, Mary	225 Lincoln Place	Petersen, Ruth	1576 East 15th Street
Milde, Ruth	328 Sterling Place	Phillips, Margery	1619 Hendri-kson Street
Miller, Rose	193 East 42nd Street	Pless, Muriel	5922 163rd Street, Flushing, N. Y.
Mitchell, Florence	197 Madison Street	Policano, Claudia	186 Van Sielen Street
Monaghan, Elinor	9319 20th St., Hollis, N. Y.	Pollock, Margaret	64-83 83rd St., Rego Park, Elmhurst, N. Y.
Monahan, Gertrude	218-47 140th Ave., Springfield Gardens, N. Y.	Powers, Geraldine	83-20 169th St., Jamaica, N. Y.
Moniz, Maude	447 Westminster Road	Price, Jewel	3415 Clarendon Road
Moore, Anne	Brentwood Rd., Deer Park, N. Y.		

Radigan, Mary	120 York St., Jersey City, N. J.	Taggart, Elizabeth	9031 Fort Hamilton Parkway
Ranagan, Helen		Tehan, Rose	7156 Ingram Street, Forest Hills, N. Y.
Rawlins, Helen	104-64 109th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.	Thompson, Regina	2700 Marion Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
Reed, Catherine	1544 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.	Thormann, Marie	272 93rd Street
Regan, Helen	94 Ryerson Street	Trimble, Marjorie	458 McDonough Street
Reilly, Anne	85-44 54th Ave., Elmhurst, N. Y.	Tully, Violet	1014 East 40th Street
Reilly, Helen	85-44 54th Ave., Elmhurst, N. Y.	Twigg, Mary	1330 Union Street
Reilly, Ursula	42-58 159th St., Flushing, N. Y.	Tyler, Eugenia	998 Sterling Place
Richards, Virginia	295 Midwood Street	Tymann, Vera	66-15 51st Ave., Winfield, N. Y.
Riordan, Maureen	520 West 139th St., N. Y. C.		
Robinson, Annette	197-06 89th Ave., Hollis, N. Y.	Van Wagner, Eleanor	2818 Avenue N
Roche, Virginia	215-48 93rd Ave., Queens Village, N. Y.	Venezia, Joanna	189 Wilson Avenue
Rochford, Helen	36 Madison Street	Visconti, Dorothea	6204 17th Avenue
Rogers, Marion		Von Gerichten, Florence	4716 Avenue M
Roth, Vera	137-47 South Gates St., Springfield, N. Y.		
Ruane, Cecilia	793 Willoughby Avenue	Walsh, Agatha	1718 Gates Avenue
Ruane, Clare	9140 112th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.	Walsh, Anne	808 8th Avenue
Ruddy, Ann	9140 112th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.	Walsh, Jane	422 National Blvd., Long Beach, N. Y.
	8425 113th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.	Walsh, Virginia	605 Decatur Street
		Warganz, Madeline	240-37 Edgewood St., Rosedale, N. Y.
Saitta, Rosalie		Webb, Estelle	407 Ocean Avenue
Sanguinito, Vera	141-11 184th St., Springfield Gardens, N. Y.	Welstead, Rosemary	
Scannell, Margaret	2817 West First Street		99-03 Herrick Ave., Forest Hills, N. Y.
Scarangella, Rose	544 9th Street	Whelan, Doris	2149 East 34th Street
Schaefer, Joan	9006 3rd Avenue	Whitbread, Maude	
Schultheis, Mary	257 Hewes Street		715 West Penn St., Long Beach, N. Y.
	75-05 Kessel St., Forest Hills, N. Y.	Whitbread, Ruth	
Secro, Katherine	121 Martense Street		715 West Penn St., Long Beach, N. Y.
Seims, Grace	162-28 73rd Ave., Flushing, N. Y.	White, Catherine	81 Clinton Avenue
Selmer, Olive	4703 88th St., Elmhurst, N. Y.	White, Dorothy	1025 St. John's Place
Sexton, Maureen	298 Windsor Place	Williams, Margaret	8306 10th Avenue
Shanahan, Honora	262 11th Street	Wilson, Charity	392 Park Place
Shea, Dorothy	30-71 29th St., Astoria, N. Y.	Winter, Evelyn	
Shea, Grace	188-23 115th Ave., St. Albans, N. Y.		5839 Fresh Pond Road, Maspeth, N. Y.
Shea, Katherine	30-71 29th St., Astoria, N. Y.	Wolfe, Margaret Mary	
Sheerin, Eunice	9320 Ridge Boulevard		220-15 102nd Ave., Queens Village, N. Y.
Skead, Helen	1397 East 21st Street	Wood, Rita	
Sluiter, Grace	955 76th Street		101-14 222nd St., Queens Village, N. Y.
Sluiter, Ruth	955 76th Street	Wright, Genevieve	
Smith, Rita	442 82nd Street		8640 Somerset Rd., Jamaica Estates, N. Y.
Soyka, Irene	184 Huron Street		
Staiger, Rita	8831 88th St., Woodhaven, N. Y.	Young, Frances	150 68th Street
Straus, Norma	1850 60th Street	Young, Helen	
Stroppel, Helen	304 Glen St., Glen Cove, N. Y.		20 West Park Street, Long Beach, N. Y.
Sullivan, Anna	38 Rutland Road	Young, Margaret	
Sullivan, Dorothy	509 16th Street		41-78 Forley Street, Elmhurst, N. Y.
Sullivan, Genevieve	211 Clermont Avenue		
Sullivan, Margaret	426 Sterling Place	Zeng, Adelaide	
Sullivan, Nora	578 92nd Street		178-12 114th Road, St. Albans, N. Y.

Alumnae Directory

Adams, Alice	115 Willow Street	Aubert, Marion (Mrs. Thomas McDonald)	
Allen, Catherine	351 Maple Street		70 Holder Pl., Forest Hills
Allen, Helen			
	46 Haven Esplanade, New Brighton, S. I.	Bachert, Catherine	
Aloisio, Vita	839 Hart Street		8050 89th Ave., Woodhaven, L. I.
Ansbros, Dolores	254 85th Street	Baiocchi, Marie	247 Washington Ave.
Ansbros, Kathryn	254 85th Street	Baiocchi, Rose	247 Washington Ave.
Anthony, Collette	13 Chestnut Street	Baltes, Marion	405 Nassau Ave., Inwood, L. I.
Archipoli, Genevieve (Mrs. Bertram Kelly)		Bannon, Margaret	154 Underhill Avenue
	265 Sterling Street	Barrett, Eleanor	350 85th Street

- Barthen, Helen
1 So. Center St., South Orange, N. J.
- Barton, Christine 161 Garfield Place
Beatty, Virginia 49 Sterling Street
Becker, Catherine 168 Amity Street
Bender, Elizabeth 9977 211th Place, Bellaire, L. I.
Bennett, Helen 622 61st Street
Bergen, Emma 3872 Bedford Avenue
Bernard, Mary 283 Winthrop Street
Berry, Gertrude (Mrs. Thomas Sherman)
7119 Shore Road
- Bett, Catherine (Mrs. Joseph Daly)
854 52nd Street
- Bier, Margaret 8548 88th Street, Woodhaven, L. I.
Billies, Marianne 1665 E. 9th Street
- Bird, Dorothy
3338 83rd Street, Jackson Heights, L. I.
- Bird, Mary
3338 83rd Street, Jackson Heights, L. I.
- Bird, Vivian
272 West Lena Avenue, Freeport, L. I.
- Bishop, Kathleen (Mrs. Gilbert McGilfarry)
452 43rd Street
452 50th Street
- Blaber, Marie
Bogan, Mildred 4714 Avenue O
Bolton, Mary (Mrs. William McDonald)
27 Middagh Street
388 Park Place
- Bonnet, Amy
Bopp, Rita 8624 110th Street, Richmond Hill, L. I.
Boston, Genevieve (Mrs. James Slavin)
946 East 43rd Street
667 Park Place
667 Park Place
- Bourke, Collette
Bourke, Katherine
Bradley, Helen
Braithwaite, Miriam
Kings Park, L. I.
109 Dean Street
- Brennan, Claire
Brennan, Edna 1022 East 38th Street
190 East 31st Street
Brennan, Laura 2471 Ocean Avenue
Brennan, Marion 190 East 31st Street
Brennan, Rita (Mrs. Peter O'Rourke)
3110 Bedford Avenue
681 East 46th Street
- Brown, Agnes
Brown, Rose 207 East 87th Street, N. Y. C.
Browne, Helen 1326 East 16th Street
Buckley, Grace 521 East 9th Street
Burgin, Dorothy 1286 Carroll Street
Burke, Rosemary
101-10 159th Ave., Howard Beach, L. I.
- Burns, Anne 21 Grenfell Ave., Kew Gardens, L. I.
Byrne, Grace (Mrs. Harry Hill)
895 St. Marks Avenue
- Caggiano, Amelia 1072 49th Street
Cahill, Kathleen 386 Decatur Street
Cali, Sarina (Mrs. Pietro Rocca)
507 East 5th Street
- Callahan, Helen (Mrs. John Brink)
2287 University Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
- Callahan, Margaret 614 10th Street
- Campbell, Helen
3000 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D. C.
- Campbell, Mary
104-42 93rd Avenue, Richmond Hill, L. I.
- Campbell, Rita
104-42 93rd Avenue, Richmond Hill, L. I.
- Campion, Anna (Mrs. Ed. Semple)
10266 Oak Avenue, Evanston, Illinois
- Canning, Adaline 212 8th Avenue
Cardow, Janet 582 5th Street
Carrington, Catherine (Mrs. Robert Avery)
2015 Dorchester Road
- Carroll, Catherine (Mrs. John Whitely)
9023 3rd Avenue
- Carter, Genevieve 1775 West 10th Street
Cassidy, Cecile 2322 82nd Street
Castellano, Concepta Sorrento, Naples, Italy
Canfield, Helen 939 Sterling Place
Cavaliere, Carmel 28 Coles Street
Chambers, Ethel 104-48 37th Drive, Corona, L. I.
Cherry, Mary (Mrs. Robert Newbegin)
69 Midwood Street
- Clancy, Eleanor 1743 Norman Avenue O
Clark, Madeline 1808 Avenue O
Clark, Marion (Mrs. John McManus)
1597 East 43rd Street
- Clarke, Margaret
257 Beach 127th Street, Belle Harbor, L. I.
- Cleary, Miriano 221 East 17th Street, N. Y. C.
- Coddington, Josephine (Mrs. Howard Hamilton)
Locust Valley, N. Y.
- Coffey, Blanche 123 St. Marks Avenue
Cogan, Regina 521 Bedford Avenue
Colborne, Loretta 536 East 29th Street
Comerford, Agnes 135 East 35th Street
Connelly, Anne 471 8th Street
Connolly, Agnes (Mrs. George Monaghan)
174-07 114th Avenue, St. Albans, L. I.
- Conran, Virginia 196 Midwood Street
Conway, Margaret 367 Grant Avenue
Cook, Grace 3553 91st Street, Jackson Heights, L. I.
- Cooke, Catherine 1053 79th Street
Cooke, Marie 1024 83rd Street
Cooke, Ursula
Box 104, Kansas City Drive, La Feria, Texas
- Cooney, Margaret 470 East 29th Street
Corcoran, Caroline 3204 Avenue L
Corey, Josephine
211 Bard Avenue, Livingston, S. I.
- Cormier, Eugenie (Mrs. Fred Ahlders)
Valley Cottage, N. Y.
- Corrigan, Elizabeth 103 2nd Place
Corry, Agnes 167 Quincy Street
Corsiglio, Sylvia 282 President Street
Cosgrove, Margaret 315 Lincoln Place
Costarion, Irene 238 Highland Boulevard
Coughlan, Agnes (Mrs. Joseph Dirguardi)
201 Herrick Rd., Southampton, L. I.
- Coughlan, Catherine (Mrs. E. Condron)
201 Herrick Rd., Southampton, L. I.
- Coughlan, Helen
Strathaven Apts., Hendrick Ave., Glen Cove
Coughlan, Geraldine 659 99th Street
Cowley, Mary 241 Denton Avenue, Lynbrook, L. I.
- Cox, Eileen 570 East 23rd Street
Coyne, Dorothy 1295 Sterling Place
Creegan, Geraldine Box 203, Centerport, L. I.
- Crofton, Marion
803 East Chester St., Long Beach, L. I.
- Cronin, Catherine
12 Merton Avenue, Rockville Centre, L. I.
- Cronin, Edna 1430 East 24th Street

- Cronin, Mary 1430 East 24th Street
 Crowley, Margaret 862 Lafayette Avenue
 Crowley, Margaret, '30 45 South 23rd Street, Flushing, L. I.
 Crowley, Sarah 1186 Troy Avenue
 Cullen, Mary Brentwood, L. I.
 Culligan, Rose
 110-06 95th Avenue, Richmond Hill, L. I.
 Cunningham, Elizabeth 237 Baltic Avenue
 Cunningham, Marie (Mrs. Lawrence Savarese) 916 Lincoln Place
 Cunningham, Mary
 3530 93rd Street, Jackson Heights, L. I.
 Curran, Helen (Mrs. Simon Flynn) 300 Lincoln Avenue, Orange, N. J.
- D'Albora, Genevieve 52 94th Street
 D'Albora, Dr. Helen 52 94th Street
 Dalton, Mary (Mrs. Aloysius Oberle) 398 4th Street
- Daly, Agnes (Mrs. Henry Manifold) Box 33, Oyster Bay, L. I.
 Dannerhoffer, Mae (Mrs. Edmund Bigall) 8820 Crestwood Avenue, Hollis, L. I.
- Datri, Gilda 182 Bay 13th Street
 David, Katherine 92 Mackay Place
 Dawkins, Edna 7508 Colonial Road
 Deegan, Angela 1532 Union Street
 Dehler, Mary (Mrs. Thomas Murphy) Old Farmingdale Road, Babylon, L. I.
 Delaney, Helen 842 Park Place
 Delay, Dorothy 34 Raymond Street, Rockville Centre, L. I.
- Dempsey, Dorothy 118 8th Avenue
 Dempsey, Dorothy (Mrs. Ambrose Crowley) 425 Argyle Road
 Dempsey, Loretta 327 Eastern Parkway
 Dennen, Rita 82 Clermont Avenue
 Dermody, Charlotte 6596 58th Avenue, Maspeth, L. I.
 Dermody, Helen 182 Sterling Place
 Dermody, Marie 6596 58th Avenue, Maspeth, L. I.
- DeSanctis, Rose 117 West 11th Street, N. Y. C.
 Desjardins, Nora Forestport, N. Y.
 Dittling, Irene 253 Hooper Street
 Devereaux, Dorothy 2 Islington Place, Jamaica, L. I.
- Devlin, Elizabeth 183 Midwood Street
 DeVoe, Therese (Mrs. John Creem) 22 Hawthorne Pl., Munsey Park, Manhasset, L. I.
 Dieckert, Frances 8942 208th Street, Bellaire Park, L. I.
 Dilworth, Gertrude (Mrs. John Rossworn) 1 Sandy Hollow Road, Port Washington, L. I.
 Doherty, Anne 104-76 112th Street, Richmond Hill, L. I.
- Dolan, Anne Marie (Mrs. James McBride) 5 Westminster Road
 Dolan, Bernadette 580 7th Road
 Dolan, Cecilia (Mrs. John Sullivan) 8583 88th Street, Woodhaven, L. I.
 Dolan, Eleanor (Mrs. Cyril Reardon) 221 Linden Boulevard
 Dolan, Mary 130 East Lincoln Ave., Valley Stream, L. I.
- Dolan, Therese (Mrs. Howard Janton) 112 Beach Street, Westwood, N. J.
 Donaldson, Angela 582 4th Street
 Donelon, Dorothy (Mrs. Ernest Feller) 4000 Cathedral Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.
 Donohue, Isabelle (Mrs. Fitzgerald) 319 Webster Avenue
 Donohue, Mildred 120 East 19th Street
 Dooley, Agnes 726 Jefferson Avenue
 Dorney, Beatrice 139 78th Street
 Dorney, Margaretta 139 78th Street
 Dorsey, Julia 129 Clinton Avenue
 Dotzler, Evelyn (Mrs. J. Felber) c/o Infantry School, Box 1830, Fort Benning, Ga.
 Downes, Dorothy 5th Avenue, Mineola, L. I.
 Doyle, Constance 647 Macon Street
 Doyle, Katherine 85 Hawthorne Street
 Doyle, Margaret (Mrs. Walter Dunderman) 1059 East 2nd Street
 Doyle, Marguerite (Mrs. Benedict Tycho) 180 Lenox Road
- Doyle, Mary 1553 72nd Street
 Doyle, Virgile 468 82nd Street
 Driscoll, Kathryn 353 68th Street
 Duffy, Agnita (Mrs. Clarence O'Connor) 2558 Marion Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
- Duffy, Grace, 45 Randall St., Rockville Centre, L. I.
 Duffy, Marie 172 Schenectady Avenue
 Dugan, Kathleen 122 Bay 22nd Street
 Dunn, Vivian 225 Beach 136th St., Belle Harbor, L. I.
- Dunnigan, Anna 1107 Carroll Street
 Dwyer, Katherine 629 Eastern Parkway
- Easson, Dorothy 79 Surrey Commons, Lynbrook, L. I.
 Eckhoff, Elizabeth 726 St. Marks Avenue
 Eckles, Barbara 167-01 Highland Avenue, Jamaica, L. I.
- Elberfield, Marion 260 Morris Avenue, Rockville Centre, L. I.
 Eldridge, Marion 6801 Ridge Boulevard
 Engel, Virginia 38 Ormond Street, Rockville Centre, L. I.
- Enright, Alice 1125 Park Place
 Eppig, Catherine Babylon, L. I.
 Eppig, Josephine Babylon, L. I.
- Fadowsky, Lydia 29 Valentine Street, Glen Cove, L. I.
 Fallon, Louise 534 Mansfield Place
 Famulari, Mary 1334 69th Street
 Fanning, Kathleen 654 79th Street
 Farley, Catherine 7 Pulaski Street
 Farrell, Helen 291 Hart Street
 Farrell, Isabella 139 North Center Ave., Rockville Centre, L. I.
- Farrell, Jeanette 291 Baltic Street
 Farrell, Violet (Mrs. Patrick Carty) 3923 Avenue J
 Farrington, Helen 262 East 34th Street
 Favor, Rita 523 72nd Street
 Fay, Harriet 120 East 122nd Street, N. Y. C.
 Fearon, Rita (Mrs. George Bryan) Brentwood Road, Brentwood, L. I.
- Fellitti, Theresa 405 East 114th Street, N. Y. C.
 Ferrick, Dorothy 5101 44th Street, Woodside, L. I.

- Ferry, Margaret (Mrs. N. J. Healy, 3rd)
18 East 21st Street
- Filan, Mary
147B West End Avenue
- Finn, Cecilia (Mrs. Edward Fahey)
U.S.S. Tuscaloosa, c/o Postmaster, San Pedro, Calif.
- Finn, Genevieve
688 East 4th Street
- Fisher, Kathryn (Mrs. James Tracy)
366 East 35th Street
- Fitzgerald, Margaret
3321 Avenue M
- Fitzsimmons, Ethel
192 Wierfield Street
- Fitzsimmons, Josephine
104-75 128th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
- Flannery, Mary
515 85th Street
- Flannigan, Marie (Mrs. Thomas O'Shea)
27 Brownell Street, Stapleton, S. I.
- Fleming, Rosemary
5316 92nd Street, Elmhurst, L. I.
- Flynn, Kathleen
Church Street, Kings Park, L. I.
- Fogarty, Mary Alice
686 Richmond Terrace, New Brighton, S. I.
- Foley, Eleanor (Mrs. Jerome Halloran)
1000 President Street
- Foley, Marie
270 Marcv Avenue
- Foppiani, Evelyn
4228 South 68th Street, Winfield, L. I.
- Ford, Josephine
1001 Sterling Place
- Foster, Myrtle (Mrs. Harry White)
- Fournier, Catherine
1384 Troy Avenue
- Fournier, Laura (Mrs. Francis Flanagan)
24 Remsen Street
- Fox, Virginia (Mrs. Robert Coughlin)
9301 Fort Hamilton Parkway
- Fraas, Amy
8437 118th Street, Richmond Hill, L. I.
- Frentzel, Eleanor
373 Wierfield Street
- Frey, Katherine
7401 4th Avenue
- Frisse, Allene (Mrs. Horace Newins)
390 Bay Avenue, Patchogue, L. I.
- Gaffney, Mary
405 8th Avenue
- Gallagher, Alice
904 Lincoln Avenue
- Gannon, Sara
Westbury, L. I.
- Garvey, Bernadette
809 East 17th Street
- Gavin, Edna
195-05 113th Street, Richmond Hill, L. I.
- Gebelein, Catherine (Mrs. Theodore Carlson)
23 St. Charles Place
- Gegan, Elizabeth
1448 East 8th Street
- George, Virginia
110 Bay 13th Street
- Gerety, Gertrude
957 East 37th Street
- Ghiold, Theresa
605 7th Avenue
- Giambalvo, Joan
102 Moffat Street
- Gibson, Christine (Mrs. Louis Dougherty)
27 Westminster Road, Rockville Centre, L. I.
- Giery, Rita
1914 East 38th Street
- Gillespie, Elevera
40 Wisconsin Street, Long Beach, L. I.
- Gilloon, Catherine
1215 Ocean Avenue
- Gilroy, Eileen
7025 Perry Terrace
- Ging, Veronica
681 Ocean Avenue
- Giorgio, Filomena
8913 88th Street, Woodhaven, L. I.
- Giraci, Marie
245 Quentin Road
- Glasson, Marie (Mrs. John Baum)
1927 New York Avenue
- Gleason, Ethel (Mrs. Melville Skinner)
141 Sunnyside Avenue
- Goerlitz, Sylvia
131 Foxhurst Road, Oceanside, L. I.
- Golden, Mary
16 Polhemus Place
- Gorman, Jane
1284 Dean Street
- Grace, Margaret (Mrs. Robert Sheppard)
8246 Lefferts Blvd., Kew Gardens, L. I.
- Grady, Margaret
2315 Avenue M
- Grainger, Alice (Mrs. William Heaphy)
522 Ocean Avenue
- Graves, Elaine
7506 Colonial Road
- Greenbaum, Beatrice (Mrs. Edward Cummings)
54 Sunnyside Avenue
- Greene, Mayr
195-03 Hillside Avenue, Hollis, L. I.
- Griesmer, Clara
116-30 226th Street, St. Albans, L. I.
- Griffin, Jeanette
3218 86th Street, Jackson Heights, L. I.
- Griffith, Rita
7918 11th Avenue
- Griffiths, Helen
611 Argyle Road
- Grogan, Dorothy
425 Avenue P
- Gubitosi, Julia
491 18th Street
- Haegle, Ruth
8722 90th Street, Woodhaven, L. I.
- Hagan, Alice
26 Smith Avenue, Bay Shore, L. I.
- Hagan, Evelyn
99 Joramelon Street
- Hagan, Ruth (Mrs. Stephen Carney)
1273 Park Place
- Hall, Isabel (Mrs. Francis Perry)
5335 Delmar Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.
- Hallahan, Dorothy
52 Purcell Street, West Brighton, S. I.
- Hallahan, Mary
223 Manhattan Avenue, Jersey City, N. J.
- Halloran, Alice (Mrs. Wm. Cody)
61 Tompkins Street, Tompkinsville, S. I.
- Hamilton, Tompkins
218-15 137th Road, Springfield Gardens, L. I.
- Hanagan, Dorothy
54 Shepherd Avenue, Lynbrook, L. I.
- Hand, Dorothy
Cutchogue, L. I.
- Hannan, Catherine (Mrs. Arthur Hines)
1134 Woodbine Lane, Far Rockaway, L. I.
- Hannan, Jeanette
2717 Avenue M
- Hannan, Veronica
101-57 111th Street, Richmond Hill, L. I.
- Hanrahan, Florence (Mrs. James Cullen)
182-07 Tudor Road, Jamaica, L. I.
- Harnett, Margaret (Mrs. James Driscoll)
665 East 19th Street
- Harold, Dorothy
1807 Gipson Street, Far Rockaway, L. I.
- Harper, Elsa (Mrs. James McEvry)
44 Waldorf Court
- Harrigan, Alice (Mrs. Albert Bihl)
Plymouth Gardens, Atlantic Ave., Lynbrook, L. I.
- Harrigan, Anne
10 Stratford Place
- Harrington, Margaret
122 Hendrix Street
- Harris, Evelyn
122 Ashford Street
- Harrison, Dorothy
410 Pulaski Street
- Harrison, Helen (Mrs. H. Abt)
780 Lenox Road
- Harron, Mary
305 Lafayette Avenue
- Hart, Grace
103 Windsor Place
- Haverlin, Catherine
75 78th Street
- Hawkins, Zita (Mrs. Andrew Stoddart)
464 Clinton Avenue
- Hayes, Mildred (Mrs. Vincent Donohue)
1 Miller Place, Baldwin, L. I.

saint joseph's college

- Hearne, Elizabeth 461 7th Street
Hearns, Agnes (Mrs. Charles Bogan) 1639 Madison Place
Hearns, Viola (Mrs. Arleigh Bell) 201 Hancock Street
Hebron, Elizabeth 3439 32nd Street, Astoria, L. I.
Hemingway, Elizabeth 1332 Union Street
Hennessy, Anne 362 85th Street
Hennessy, Blanche 2707 Newkirk Avenue
Hennessy, Eleanor 165 Prospect Park West
Hennessy, Helene 2707 Newkirk Avenue
Hennessy, Mary 162 Elderts Lane
Hertel, Marjorie 190-12 State Ave., Flushing, L. I.
Herzog, Rita (Mrs. Fredrick Sturm) P. O. Box 165, Winchester, Va.
Hickey, Marion 426 85th Street
Hilt, Marie 807 East 8th Street
Hines, Mildred 8916 187th Street, Hollis, L. I.
Hodgins, Mary 102-18 85th Drive, Richmond Hill, L. I.
Hoffman, Theresa 8576 87th Street, Woodhaven, L. I.
Hogan, Kathleen 135 Eastern Parkway
Hogan, Regina (Mrs. Andrew Walsh) 855 Ocean Avenue
Holien, Sarah 142 Academy Street, Astoria, L. I.
Holland, Emma (Mrs. Kenneth Daley) 1820 Cortelyou Road
Holland, Kathleen 191-21 114th Avenue, St. Albans, L. I.
Hopkins, Mary 356 5th Street
Hottenroth, Muriel 1215 East 22nd Street
Howard, Eleanor (Mrs. Arthur O'Leary) 210 Rugby Road
Howard, Margaret 210 Rugby Road
Hubert, Louise 213 East 66th Street, N. Y. C.
Hughes, Bernadette 2600 Ocean Avenue
Hughes, Gretta 184 Maple Street
Humana, Catherine 106 Reid Avenue
Humphreys, Marie Brentwood, L. I.
Humphreys, Virginia 275 Clinton Avenue
Hundemann, Grace 64 Pelton Ave., West Brighton, S. I.
Hunt, Mary 1872 East 51st Street
Hurley, Mary 59 Berkeley Place
Huschle, Mary 148-53 Hillside Avenue, Jamaica, L. I.
Hynes, Serena (Mrs. John McCormick) 2620 Glenwood Road
Impellizzeri, Margaret 250 Melrose Street
Impellizzeri, Mary 250 Melrose Street
Intondi, Modesta 94 Quincy Street
Irwin, Catherine 394 East 18th Street
Ivers, Eleanor 150-27 19th Avenue, Whitestone, L. I.
Jacob, Victoria 563 72nd Street
Jacobson, Grace 7901 4th Avenue
Jacobson, Lucille (Mrs. Herbert Augenstein) 7901 4th Avenue
Johnston, Margaret (Mrs. Julian Jova) 66 Cambridge St., Malverne, L. I.
Johnstone, Marie (Mrs. Edward Russ) 2620 Glenwood Road
Jones, Ann 134-04 Springfield Blvd., Springfield Gardens, L. I.
Jones, Gertrude 147 Columbia Heights
Jones, Margaret 416 2nd Street
Judge, Elizabeth (Mrs. William Hartley) 61 Prospect Place
Judice, Lucy 2778 West 15th Street
Kaicher, Mary 751 Bushwick Avenue
Kast, Corine 87-19 Union Turnpike, Glendale, L. I.
Kavanagh, Christine 128 Hancock Street
Keane, Teresa 57 Van Buren Street
Kearney, Kathleen 28 West 97th Street, N. Y. C.
Keating, Anne 1072 74th Street
Keegan, Marie 30 Vanderbilt Avenue, Floral Park, L. I.
Keegan, Rose 30 Vanderbilt Avenue, Floral Park, L. I.
Keely, Catherine 1979 East 19th Street
Keenan, Catherine 438 Clermont Avenue
Keenan, Margaret (Mrs. William Moyles) 2319 Avenue M.
Kellam, Ethel (Mrs. Robert Griebel) 720 Malboro Road
Keller, Mary (Mrs. John Lawler) Valley Cottage, N. Y.
Kelley, Marie (Mrs. Thomas Smith, Jr.) 1519 Union Street
Kelliher, Helen 198 Lenox Road
Kelly, Agnes (Mrs. John Bryan) 724 East 27th Street
Kelly, Dorothy 312 Sycamore Ave., Merrick, L. I.
Kelly, Genevieve 312 Sycamore Ave., Merrick, L. I.
Kelly, Catherine 244 Washington Avenue
Kelly, Lillian 1051 Ocean Avenue
Kelly, Mary (Mrs. Joseph Hoermann) 8368 241st St., Bellerose, L. I.
Kelly, Norma 224-28 Chestnut Street, Queens Village, L. I.
Kelly, Ruth 823 Jefferson Avenue
Kelly, Vivienne 8538 168th Place, Jamaica, L. I.
Kemp, Florence 189 8th Avenue
Kemp, Mary 189 8th Avenue
Kendall, Madeline 3414 72nd Street, Jackson Heights, L. I.
Kennedy, Eleanore 504 7th Street
Kennedy, Margaret 36 Greene Avenue
Kennelly, Rosemary 564 Park Place
Kenny, Agnes (Mrs. John Neugent) 283 Washington Avenue
Kenny, Dorothy 9263 215th Place, Queens Village, L. I.
Kinney, Anne 203 Madison Street
Kinny, Helen 35 Wilson Street, Lynbrook, L. I.
Kinny, Margaret 52-60 68th Street, Maspeth, L. I.
Kidd, Marie 77 West 104th Street, N. Y. C.
Kiernan, Helen 227 Locust Street, Valley Stream, L. I.
Kiernan, Muriel 2050 Bay Ridge Parkway
Kiernan, Rita (Mrs. John Devine) 2050 Bay Ridge Parkway
Kilbooy, Margaret 1318 Avenue P
Kilcoin, Dorothy 938 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y. C.
Kilgallen, Helen 664 95th Street
Kilgallen, Katherine (Mrs. Joseph Rooney) 567 78th Street
King, Rita 685 Sterling Place
Kirgan, Anne 1635 East 46th Street

- Klipp, Jeanette
365 Hollywood Avenue, Douglaston, L. I.
- Kramer, Ruth
624 6th Avenue
- Kraus, Lillian
52 Magnolia Avenue, Dumont, N. J.
- Krebs, Katherine
142 Highland Place
- Kreischer, Florence
292 Main Street, Hempstead, L. I.
- Kuhn, Mildred
2520 MacLay Avenue, Westchester, N. Y.
- Lagana, Eleanor (Mrs. Michael Giovannetti)
272 Sackett Street
- Lagatutta, Eleanor
349 Cornelia Street
- Langan, Elizabeth
513 16th Street
- Langan, Margaret
513 16th Street
- Larkin, Madeline
303 74th Street
- Latorraca, Gina
672 59th Street
- Latorraca, Theresa
2336 2nd Avenue, N. Y. C.
- Laudry, Virginia
266 Washington Avenue
- Lavelle, Catherine
1045 Hobart Street
- Lavery, Catherine
616 East 19th Street
- Lavery, Margaret
43 Waldorf Court
- Lavin, Eileen
148-20 88th Street, Jamaica, L. I.
- Lavin, Irene
148-20 88th Street, Jamaica, L. I.
- Lavin, Mary
159-18 89th Avenue, Jamaica, L. I.
- Lavin, Ruth
148-20 88th Street, Jamaica, L. I.
- Lawson, Eulalia
Harrington Park, N. J.
- Leahy, Margaret
79 Downing Street
- Leavy, Doris
756 40th Street
- Lennon, Margaret (Mrs. Raymond Martin)
Cannondale, Conn.
- Lent, Irene
9435 118th Street, Richmond Hill, L. I.
- Lewis, Grace
171-33 105th Avenue, Jamaica, L. I.
- Lilly, Marie
624 Bay Ridge Parkway
- Livellara, Helen
177 Patchen Avenue
- Loftus, Catherine
516 61st Street
- Loftus, Mary
516 61st Street
- Lopez, Loretta
535 East 28th Street
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4 Spruce Street, Great Neck, L. I.
- Lynch, Catherine (Mrs. Earl Kelly)
88 Terrace Place
- Lynch, Margaret (Mrs. Arthur O'Toole)
247 New York Avenue
- Lynch, Mary (Mrs. J. Delameter)
448 8th Street
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8502 104th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
- Madden, Ethel
513 Lexington Avenue
- Magnor, Rhoda (Mrs. Ray Fitzpatrick)
721 Scranton Ave., Far Rockaway, L. I.
- Magrath, May
1322 Dean Street
- Maguire, Dorothy
8932 118th St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
- Maguire, Lucy
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- Mahoney, Regina
1332 Park Place
- Mangiardi, Theresa
103-25 123rd St., Richmond Hill, L. I.
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8023 Ridge Boulevard
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9725 80th St., Ozone Park, L. I.
- Manno, Marie
565 Lorimer Street
- Marino, Mary (Mrs. Anthony Venezia)
1259 Madison Street
- Martin, Mildred
207 St. James Place
- Martin, Suzanne
402 4th Street
- Mauceri, Joan
131 Irving Avenue
- May, Catherine
1067 70th Street
- Mazzoli, Angela
147-16 20th Ave., Whitestone, L. I.
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940 St. Nicholas Ave., N. Y. C.
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1 Plaza Street
- McCaffery, Margaret
441 43rd Street
- McCaffery, Rita
581 Carlton Avenue
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- McCauley, Margaret
528 58th Street
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- McDonald, Anna (Mrs. Joseph Costa)
55 Highlawn Avenue
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8701 Shore Road
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241 86th Street
- McGrath, Marie
87 Monitor Street
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148 Midwood Street
- McGuire, Frances
152 Hawes Street
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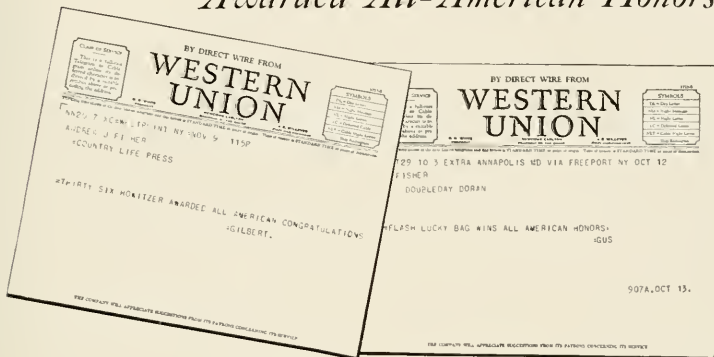
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